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Events of the Week.

THE most notable event in the Home Rule controversy during the week has been a proposal put forward by the "Westminster Gazette" for a Commission which would deal with the whole question of a fresh Constitution for the British Isles. The "Westminster" takes up the suggestion of Sir Edward Carson that Ulster might be "won," and endeavors to fit it into the larger policy of federalism to which the Unionist leaders gave assent two years ago, and to which the Government is explicitly pledged. If steps could now be taken to construct by a Commission, representative of both parties and of Ireland, a practical scheme for carrying out the federal policy, less importance would evidently be attached to the provisions of the present Home Rule Bill, so far as the position of Ulster was concerned. For if it were recognized that this Bill represents only a first stage in federal evolution, then the special arrangement for Ulster would necessarily be of a makeshift and temporary character. In such a case either Ulster might consent to come in with proper safeguards and qualifications, or the Nationalists might even agree that she should stay out, pending the fuller settlement. This is regarded by the "Times" and other Unionist organs as a definite new advance towards pacific settlement coming from "a paper with a special mission to make smooth the Ministerial path."

THERE is certainly nothing in the speeches of Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Carson in the City to support the notion that any concession will be made from the Unionist side to ease the situation. Their talk is all of "civil war," for which the Government will be entirely responsible. If civil war is to be averted, "they must make a clean cut, and nothing but a clean cut will do it." Home Rule within Home Rule, all special vetoes or "other schemes of that kind," are denounced by Mr. Balfour as mere "tinkering." Timely support has been given to this intransigent attitude by a mischievous scare epistle from the pen of that great ex-Liberal, Mr. Frederic Harrison, which appeared by express arrangement in Monday's "Times." All this is no doubt good tactics from the standpoint of those who conceive the Government to be so fearful and so divided that they can be induced to buy off "civil war" at any price. But if "a clean cut" means the absolute exclusion now of Ulster, or any part of Ulster, this is, of course, impossible without a clear sacrifice of the principle of Home Rule for Ireland, to which the Government is pledged by every consideration of honor and interest.

* * *

MEANWHILE, Unionists are trying to find comfort in Mr. Masterman's failure by the narrow margin of twenty-four votes to hold his seat in Bethnal Green. His poll of 2,804 votes against 2,828 for Sir Mathew Wilson, the Unionist, and 316 for Mr. Scurr, the Labor candidate, is an actual increase over that by which he was returned in 1911. Home Rule, indeed, was but a minor issue in the election, which was mainly fought on the Insurance Act, and Mr. Masterman's defeat was due to a concentration of the forces of all who feel aggrieved with the Government upon a constituency where the former Liberal majority only amounted to 184. In the South Buckinghamshire election, the result of which was declared on Thursday, Mr. Du Pre retained the seat for Unionism by 9,044 votes to 6,713 cast for Mr. Mosley—a decrease of over 200 votes in the majority obtained at the last contest.

* * *

IN Monday's debate on the Welsh Disestablishment amendment to the Address, most of the Opposition speakers laid stress on the assistance lent to the Bill in its progress through the Commons by the Irish vote, and objection was even taken in the same quarter to the part played in the divisions by the Scottish vote. Nevertheless, when the Welsh Liberal members replied that Wales would be more than willing to see the controversy settled by Welsh votes, they were at once met with the retort from Mr. Balfour that to isolate Wales from England in such a matter would be a policy of pure separation. For the rest, the only evidence produced in support of the plea that the Bill has been losing support in Wales was in the form of what Mr. McKenna described as a "supposed Nonconformist petition," signed by 15,000 opponents of the disendowment proposals. Doubts thrown on the genuineness of this document were still unsatisfied at the close of the debate.

OPENED by Captain Tryon and Mr. Page Croft (the latter a complete "whole-hogger" for Protection), the fiscal discussion was based on an amendment which clearly represented an effort to reduce Mr. Bonar Law's Edinburgh speech to a coherent formula. Until the new Solicitor-General, in a brilliant dissection of the so-called compromise, threw down a direct challenge on the point to the leader of the Opposition, none of the Unionist speakers could be persuaded to deal at all closely with the unfavorable position assigned to agriculture by the revised policy. Taking up the challenge, Mr. Bonar Law frankly admitted that his change in tactics had been influenced by electioneering motives, and went on to argue (perhaps with similar motives in mind) that with the £10,000,000 additional revenue which he would expect to see drawn from an average ten per cent. duty on manufactured imports it would be possible to "foster agriculture by an expenditure of State money," as in Belgium, Denmark, and America. As the tariff contemplated by Mr. Law would be of an elastic nature, it would admittedly be open to the same kind of manipulations which have characterized the working of his American model.

* * *

WITH the Budget of 1909 still possessing and poisoning their minds, the critics of Mr. Lloyd George's new land proposals signally failed to turn the debate on that subject to profitable account. Almost the only fresh feature of the discussion was the Chancellor's statement that the Cabinet have now set the Local Government Board and the Board of Trade to work on the preparation of material for the treatment of the housing problem in a scientific spirit. In the end, as Mr. Lloyd George urged, this will prove the speediest method; for once the extent of the deficiency has been ascertained and precisely located, the ground will be clear for immediate action, whether it is to be taken by a Liberal or a Unionist Ministry. Both in this and in the following day's debates, the Speaker found it necessary to take severe and repeated notice of the disorderly manifestations of a section of the Opposition, mostly the sons of peers or other spokesmen of the landowning interest.

* * *

THE Dublin Disturbance Commission issued its report on Monday. The report generally exonerates the police, though it admits that in one case they lost their heads. On the famous Sunday, "in a number of instances wilful damage was done to the property of the Corporation and their tenants, and we are also of opinion that assaults were committed on some of the occupiers of the buildings, for which there was no justification whatever." The evidence of assaults on unoffending people in the streets seems to have made comparatively little impression on the Commission. The report was the subject of a debate in the House of Commons on Wednesday, when Mr. Barnes raised the subject by way of an amendment to the Address. Mr. Barnes made a careful and moderate speech, and in the course of it he made a chivalrous reference to the Larkinite movement and the new life and new hope it had brought to a city of low wages and very low conditions of life. Mr. Birrell defended the report, argued that it had given satisfaction, and explained that he could not get a judge to sit on the Commission, so that he had had to abandon his original scheme and to fall back on the ordinary form of Irish inquiry. Mr. Barnes's amendment was defeated by a majority of 188.

* * *

As the House of Lords, in the words of Lord Amthill, "exists for the very purpose of expressing a different opinion from the House of Commons," it is

perhaps not surprising that it should have decided (acting, it is understood, on the advice of Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Robert Cecil) to re-open a controversy which was closed by the other House last session, and to summon Lord Murray of Elibank to explain his Marconi transactions before the bar of yet another Select Committee. This decision, it should be noted, was not reached by the Opposition peers without some show of hesitation. On Tuesday Lord Murray, in a personal explanation, marked, as Lord Lansdowne admitted, by transparent sincerity, owned to errors of judgment though not of intention in his part in the transactions of the summer of 1912, and, in particular, expressed regret for his mistaken action in withholding from Mr. Illingworth and other Ministers the fact that he had invested party funds in American Marconis. Nothing new, Lord Murray added, remained to be told as to those transactions, the whole of which had been revealed to the Committee of the House of Commons. But, notwithstanding these assurances, the House of Lords on Thursday last agreed to Lord Lansdowne's motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the whole affair.

* * *

BEFORE the end of the debate on the Address an amendment on local taxation enabled Mr. Lloyd George on Thursday to make the welcome announcement that in the course of the present Session the Government intend to give the local taxpayer his long-promised relief from a constantly growing burden. Without entering into details at this stage, the Chancellor laid it down that there ought to be no scheme which would not give equal relief all round and according to the proportion of the burden. Moreover, the State must in future enjoy greater control than it exercised at present over the expenditure of money not only on education and on main roads, but on every other local purpose. On the whole, the reception of the announcement was friendly, though Mr. Long, in a somewhat acrimonious speech, predicted that a scheme of such tremendous importance must tend to push all other legislation out of the way.

* * *

At the instance of a Scottish Liberal Member an opportunity was provided on Monday for Mr. Gulland to make a statement on the subject of his speech during the Wick election. The facts, as set out in a letter from the Unionist Whip to the "Times," were that the Scottish Liberal Whip, speaking at Wick during the by-election, used language that tended to create the impression that Wick would stand a better chance of obtaining a grant from the Development Commission if the electors returned the Lord Advocate than if they rejected him. The grave impropriety of such language will not be questioned by anybody, and the Prime Minister and Mr. Gulland himself both expressed their regret that Mr. Gulland should have spoken in such a way as to give anybody so wrong and unfortunate an impression. The Prime Minister, in his remarks, referred to the respect in which Mr. Gulland is held on both sides of the House, and the leader of the Opposition accepted the expressions of regret with the concurrence of a House that welcomed the closing of the subject.

* * *

THE Swedish crisis has followed the course which became inevitable when the King asserted his right to proclaim an opinion without regard to the policy of his Ministers. The attempt to form a Ministry from the Liberal right wing, under Baron de Greer, failed completely. Instead of turning to the Conservative Opposition, the King then called Herr Hammarskjöld

to office, and he has succeeded in getting together a "business" Cabinet, composed of notables outside the party world, whose duty will be to submit the armaments issue to the electorate. It has issued a statement, which attempts to deny that a constitutional question exists, and concentrates attention on the problem of defence. It is doubtful whether the Rigsdag, after the last sitting, in which the King was severely criticized, will meet before the General Election. The King has, in fact, claimed a degree of personal independence, which even the Kaiser has had to renounce in the matter of personal declarations of policy.

THE Porte has returned its answer to the Powers on the question of the Ægean Isles, and decidedly menacing it is. Turkey is pleased to accept the islands assigned to her by the Powers, but maintains her claim to Chios and Mytilene, assigned to and occupied by Greece. In these conditions it is absurd to expect that Greece should refrain from fortifying her possessions, and it is rumored that she is acquiring two Argentine Dreadnoughts now building in the United States. Diplomats hope that if Italy can be induced to restore Rhodes and the lesser isles of the Dodecanesi group to Turkey, Greece may consent to exchange them against Chios and Mytilene. It would be an impossibly bad bargain for Greece. Meanwhile, everything turns on the chance of arranging an Italian sphere of penetration or interest on the mainland of Cilicia, and the obstacle lies in the prior rights of the British Smyrna-Aidin Company. Modern diplomacy seems always in the last resort to be a process of bargaining over railway zones and spheres of influence into which capital may be exported.

As the deported South African Labor leaders near this country, the Labor movement, in all its phases and factions, is preparing to welcome them and to rally to them in demonstrations of protest. An attempt to interview them at Madeira failed to procure more than a message of defiance shouted from the ship's side, for they were rigidly forbidden to land. The chief interest of the debate at Cape Town, which still continues, lay this week in General Botha's statement. He dwelt chiefly on the native difficulty, but rather on what might have happened last July than on anything which had begun to happen in January. He fears that the natives are learning that the strike would be for them a more formidable weapon than arms, and dreads the effect on them of an object-lesson given by the whites. In plain words, the white proletariat must be repressed lest the black proletariat should raise itself. It was an honest defence of a policy of reaction, which only broadened the issue and made it incomparably more serious, because more permanent, than anything in the incidents themselves.

THE fall of the Russian Premier Kokovtsoff has had a curious sequel in the publication of a rescript from the Tsar to the new Finance Minister, M. Bark. The Tsar describes in it his distress at the poverty of the peasants which he observed in a recent journey, attributes this to drink, and calls in vague terms for a remedy. When one remembers that the average income per head of the population in Russia is between £5 and £6, while the average contribution to taxation amounts to £2 4s., one can think of another explanation for the poverty. Whether this new enthusiasm for temperance, wholly salutary and doubtless in some quarters sincere, will have much result, is quite another matter. The Council of State rejected Count Witte's practical proposal to limit the annual revenue from the State

monopoly in drink to 90 millions sterling. Russian finances could not be balanced without this revenue, unless the loss were compensated by a saving on armaments and police. No serious observer really believes that M. Kokovtsoff has fallen at the impact of a wave of temperance reform. He has been unseated by his more reactionary colleagues, and now that the loans have been virtually arranged in France, the path is clear to some new assault on what is left of the Duma.

THE most satisfactory strike news of the week comes from Hereford, where the teachers have won their battle, and extorted from the County Council a reasonable scale of salaries. The battle has been short and sharp, and the result excellent, not only for the Herefordshire teachers, but for education generally. The Blackburn strike, which was also settled this week, has lasted nearly seven weeks. The Corporation has made some concessions, but according to the "Manchester Guardian," the terms are not very different from those offered before the strike. War continues in High Wycombe, but Sir George Askwith has paid another visit to the district, and he has been the round of the factories making inquiries. It is reported that there is a more amicable spirit. The Executive of the Building Industries Federation decided on Wednesday to accept Mr. Bowerman's proposal for a conference. The arrangement is for the masters to meet representatives of the four unions with whom they are in dispute, and for certain other societies to be represented at the conference.

A VERY successful demonstration was held by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies in the Albert Hall on Saturday. The audience included representatives of nearly 350 men's organizations. The chief speakers were Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Creighton, Mr. Barlow, and Mr. Henderson; Lord Lytton, the Unionist speaker, being unavoidably detained. The meeting was enthusiastic. The annual report of the National Union showed a most satisfactory year's work. The number of supporters enrolled by the National Union is nearly 100,000, and some £45,000 has been raised during the year. On Monday, Mrs. Fawcett wrote a letter to the papers criticizing Mr. Asquith's statement to a member of a trade union deputation to the effect that his pledge respecting woman suffrage had been carried out. Mrs. Fawcett's astonishment at this remark, which must have been made without Mr. Asquith's usual care, will be shared by all who remember the facts.

WITH the death of Dr. Augustus Jessopp, another fine and prominent figure of the Victorian Age has passed away. For twenty years (from 1859 to 1879) he was headmaster of King Edward's School, Norwich, and how great was his influence as teacher and guide is seen from the distinction of many among his former pupils. The secret of his power may be, perhaps, even better known from the letters of George Meredith, who entrusted his eldest son to his care, and always wrote to him with peculiar affection and respect. Still, although his methods as headmaster were remarkable for his time, his name is more widely known for his essays on social and historical subjects. The books which won him the highest reputation were his studies in East Anglian life, especially "Arcady for Better or Worse" and "The Trials of a Country Parson." He was among the first to draw attention to the increasing grievances of the small farmer and agricultural laborer, and his wide knowledge, aided by a finely humorous style, gave him a high place among the very best essayists of his day.

Politics and Affairs.

THE LIMITS OF CONCESSION.

THE Home Rule controversy has reached a point at which it is desirable to avoid any misunderstanding as to the possibilities of accommodation. The Government is anxious—all Home Rulers are anxious—to secure such a position for Ulster under the Dublin Parliament as will not only obviate any possibility of injustice but will, if possible, obtain not indeed the ready assent of the Ulster people to the inevitable change, but at least a willingness to give the experiment a fair trial, and to associate themselves with the rest of Ireland in working for public order and the common good. Furthermore if, owing to the attitude of the leaders of Ulster, this is impossible, it is the desire of the Government to prove very clearly to the people of Great Britain where the fault lies, to show that they have gone to the furthest limits of concession, and that the Ulster demand is such as can only be met by refusing the equally legitimate demand of a much larger proportion of the Irish people.

Behind this desire for accommodation it must be quite clearly understood that there is the fixed resolve of the Government and the Party to see Home Rule through in the course of the present Session. Ulster can get terms more favorable to her than those of the Home Rule Bill if she wishes to have them; but if she will have nothing to say to them, it is the Bill itself which will be passed into law. Whatever amendments are introduced into it, will be changes depending for their value upon the consent which they purchase, and if the price is not to be paid the goods will not be delivered. The arrangement which the Government have in view, therefore, is an arrangement between the Irish parties. Now the two Irish parties are connected with two English parties, and it is a very natural confusion to substitute for agreement between Ulster and Nationalism agreement between Unionists and Liberalism. As men of peace we have, of course, no objection to any such agreement, provided that it includes all parties concerned in the question of Home Rule, and that it is consistent with Liberal principles. But an agreement between English parties might only too easily become an arrangement made irrespective of Ireland for carrying on the King's Government in the manner most agreeable to the powers that be. The notion of such an agreement has haunted the minds of politicians ever since the constitutional crisis of 1910, at which time a definite and formal effort was made to secure some modification of the constitution which would be acceptable to the forces of Conservatism. In that year the immediate question at issue was that of the House of Lords; but everyone knew that Home Rule lay behind the House of Lords, and the discussions therefore broadened out from the question of the Second Chamber to that of Ireland. Now we have precisely the converse position of affairs. The question of the House of Lords has been, if not settled, at least temporarily adjusted in the interest of Liberalism. The question of the day is Home Rule; and it is of somewhat ominous

significance that as soon as the proposals for settlement of Home Rule by consent are brought forward, these in turn are broadened out so as to include the whole constitutional question of the United Kingdom, and therewith the reformation of the House of Lords.

With regard to the Second Chamber, it seems to us that whatever the solution upon which Liberals themselves agree, they should from the first beware of giving up the position of advantage which they won under the Parliament Act, a position which enables them to settle the new constitution of the House of Lords upon democratic lines. We have seen no reason to think that the Conservative Party are in the least degree more ready to accept the principle of the final control of legislation by the people to-day than they were in 1909-10. Quite the contrary. As long as the House of Lords is partially paralyzed by the Parliament Act, they invoke the power of the Crown. They preach the necessity of dissolution for every successive measure upon which they think they might have a chance of obtaining a popular verdict in their favor. If it comes to a discussion with them of the future of the House of Lords, we may confidently suppose that they will begin by demanding the repeal of the Parliament Act, and will go on to impose upon us—if we allow them—a Second Chamber of co-ordinate authority with the House of Commons, and so constituted, whether by popular election or otherwise, as to place an effective practical barrier upon continuous advance in democratic legislation. But we cannot regard the constitutional question at large as one for adjustment between the parties. On the contrary, it is the question on which issues between democracy and plutocracy, the two powers that perpetually contend for the Government of a modern nation, come to a head.

Discussion with the opposite party, then, must be limited to the Irish question, and so far upon this head discussion has not proved very fruitful. We do not despair, but we think that if advantage is to come of it, it must be by somebody convincing the Ulster leaders as to the alternative. As long as they remain in doubt—and clearly they have remained in doubt until recently—of the firmness of the Government's resolution, they will very naturally refuse to transact. Their refusal makes it more difficult to meet whatever is reasonable in their demands. It throws upon the Government the onus of devising a scheme which they can offer as an alternative to the present Bill. But in so doing there is at any rate one fixed point by which Ministers must be guided. They can move freely within the limits of Irish national sentiment. They cannot, without dishonor nor without facing the disruption of their party as an immediate consequence, seek any such alternative form of support as would enable them to carry a Home Rule measure over the heads of the Nationalist Party. There can, therefore, be no talk of agreement between the English parties as such. The Unionist Party have, indeed, the opportunity of acting as mediators, just as the Liberal Party have had the opportunity of acting as mediators; but while the Liberal Party have fulfilled their function, the Unionists refuse to do so, associating themselves with the most stringent demands of Ulster, and preferring the prospect of party advantage to that of assisting in a

national settlement. But in any case an agreement between English Liberals and English Unionists would be an agreement made by mediators on behalf of principals who are the two Irish parties. If there is true settlement to be found by consent, it means consent between Nationalism and Ulster. Liberals can be no parties to a consent from which their clients in this matter—the bulk of the people of Ireland—should be excluded.

THE DUBLIN SCANDAL.

THE last incident in the history of Ireland's government by England on the eve of her emancipation is painfully characteristic of the *régime* that is disappearing. Let us briefly recapitulate the main facts. During August and September of last year, Dublin was the scene of a number of collisions between strikers and the police. In the course of the agitation the Government took two measures that are unthinkable in England. They proclaimed a meeting, and they prosecuted a Labor leader on the charge of sedition. It is important to remember these facts as illustrating the atmosphere of Irish government. After the meeting had been proclaimed, Mr. Larkin, the Labor leader, prosecuted for an offence that is a century old, appeared on the balcony of a hotel in disguise. He was recognized, and the police flew at him, arresting him without difficulty. Unfortunately, they also flew at the people in the streets, and charges were made with batons, and a very large number of persons were wounded. This happened in broad daylight, and it is not pretended, even by the partisans of the police, that the crowd which was so ruthlessly handled was out for mischief or riot. Even the Commissioners, who have reported, find that occasionally there were misunderstandings on the part of the police. Unprovoked assaults on people walking in a street are, fortunately, rare enough to attract attention to such an outbreak, and English people, who regard Irish life as naturally rough and turbulent, felt that matters had reached a point where criticism and protest were proper. Mr. Birrell, pressed by a deputation in his constituency, said he would hold an inquiry, and that in the conduct of the inquiry he would endeavor to obtain the services of a gentleman who might fairly be considered to represent the working-classes. As more than one life had been lost and some seven hundred persons were in hospital, virtually all drawn from the working-classes, this seemed the least that could be conceded. If this had happened in Oxford and seven hundred undergraduates were in hospital, it may be supposed that any inquiry which was made into the conduct of the police would not be conducted entirely by people in whom the class represented by the undergraduates had no confidence.

What sort of an inquiry has been held? We have no hesitation in saying that it would be difficult to conceive a tribunal less likely to command confidence than that which Mr. Birrell appointed. The tribunal consisted of two Irish lawyers. Now we do not ourselves take the view that a tribunal exclusively of lawyers from any country is a satisfactory tribunal for examining into the facts and the blame of a collision between police and citizens. We do not have juries of lawyers.

But Irish lawyers! Is there any reason to suppose that these two gentlemen are more liberal or modern in their ideas than the Attorney-General for Ireland, who thinks to-day what Percival thought a century ago, and prosecutes a man for sedition for talking republican doctrine. If they are, the Liberal Government is very unfortunate in its legal appointments. Whatever reason anybody may have had for supposing that a tribunal, so different from the tribunal Mr. Birrell hoped to find, would command or obtain the confidence of the people of Dublin, must have been dissipated at an early stage by its methods. The Commission did not seem to understand that its first duty was to protect witnesses from the insolence of the counsel defending the police, and they naively admit in their report that they were so little able to keep order in their court that one witness had to withdraw on that account. Everybody remembers that during the proceedings it was a common thing for the police to receive the remarks of witnesses with derisive laughter. What independent people thought of the tribunal is shown by the action of the Dublin Civic League, which made arrangements to be represented before the Commission and collected a great body of evidence, and decided that as Mr. Birrell had not been able to keep his undertaking and to appoint a properly qualified tribunal, they would not appear before it, and thereby give it the semblance of recognition. What the working-classes thought of it is shown by the similar refusal of the trade unions. The Commission heard evidence from 202 police officers, not on oath, and 69 other witnesses, and issued a report that has cost the citizens of Dublin a thousand pounds, and is only satisfactory to those who want to know what the police think of themselves.

Mr. Birrell is deservedly one of the most popular of public men. All Liberals in particular cherish for him a sentiment of deep gratitude and respect for great services to the ideas and the principles they hold. He persuades and disarms by wit and wisdom, and even the most uncomfortable job in British politics has not soured him. But neither Mr. Birrell nor the Archangel Gabriel will convince the ordinary citizen that the part that Dublin Castle has taken in these unhappy proceedings from first to last has been other than a scandal. The House of Commons cannot vote freely upon the question, because to do so might delay the time when Dublin Castle will disappear, but Liberals elsewhere would be failing in their simple duty if they did not put on record their conviction that this Commission has been the climax of a series of blunders. The difficulties of government during a strike agitation in Dublin are very great, and we do not overlook them. But the facts that the people of Dublin are miserably paid and housed—the report published on Thursday last gives a picture of the horrible and degraded condition of the Dublin tenements—and that the employers are a generation or two behind English employers, are all the stronger argument for seeing that the Government of Ireland and the control of the police reflect modern ideas and do not accept the ways and methods and standards of the past. The poorer the citizens of a place, the more important is it to secure them from ill-treatment by the police. The Chief Secretary, so long as there is one, is

not there to defend the police alone, but to defend the citizens.

Like most things, this deplorable Irish affair has an English moral. The duties of the police are almost the most difficult and delicate that any set of men can undertake. They have to use their judgment in all sorts of unexpected situations; and mistakes lead to very serious consequences. Liberals have to recognize that modern legislation, while aiming at improving the condition of the poor, tends to increase the control of authorities over their lives. It was stated recently that insurance cards were being used by employers for tracing strikers with a view to preventing them getting other employment. In the "Candid Quarterly Review," it is stated that "the writer has heard police witnesses swear a man a lazy and idle vagabond because he had no insurance card about him. . . . In short, the insurance card has become a police passport without which no member of the working-class has a right to live or move in free England." These are statements that require investigation. Mr. Thomas, again, asked the Home Secretary on Wednesday if he knew that the Glamorgan police were visiting the homes of trade union leaders and asking for a great deal of information about their organizations. All the conditions of modern life and the social re-organization that is going on, tend to strengthen the powers of the police, and the duty of protecting the rights of the citizen is becoming not less but more urgent.

THE FIRST PLANK.

THOUGH Tory candidates at by-elections continue to make a formal protestation of their faith in Tariff Reform, they take good care to say as little as possible about this "first plank" of their party platform. And no wonder. For a more ignominious performance than the formal recantation presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Bonar Law on Monday night is difficult to conceive. Though, historically, the precarious state of agriculture was the *fons et origo* of the Protectionist revival, while food taxes were avowedly the "corner-stone" of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's system, they have now been solemnly removed from the structure of Tariff Reform. Why? Not because they would really raise the price of food. For the foreigner, of course, would pay the tax! Nay, our food, if anything, would be cheapened; for the foreign supplies would come in as before, and furnish revenue, while the "preference" (not "Protection," for Mr. Bonar Law is no "Protectionist"!) would stimulate home production, so increasing the aggregate supply. How this may be, we cannot tell, but we know it to be sound Tariff Reform doctrine. But though food taxes would thus do nothing but good to British industry, and would strengthen the foundations of the British Empire, they have got to disappear—for a while at any rate. For the wrong-headed electorate will not see the fiscal truths which are so clear to statesmen like Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Rowland Hunt. So, after much heart-burning and some heated expostulations, a ceremonial interment of food taxes took place a few months ago, the mourners being allowed the consolation of inscribing, in

letters not inconveniently prominent, the word "Resurgam" on the tomb. Thus, for the present, Tory candidates are safe from awkward questions about loaves, and are free to show themselves attacking Home Rule by misrepresentations of the Insurance Act.

But what will the good Tory landlords and farmers say to this revision of Tariff Reform which leaves them out? Will they not require some compensation for the higher prices they may have to pay in consequence of the industrial tariff, the 10 per cent. upon manufactured goods? For, in a passage of strange candor, Mr. Bonar Law virtually admits that his industrial tariff will or may raise prices, in contravention of the whole logic of protectionism. This "injury" will deserve a compensation. And here Mr. Law sketched, in vague outline, the doles, remissions, bounties, and other favors which a benevolent Government, unhampered by Free Trade notions, would bestow in order to foster agriculture. Mr. Law may know his business best, but we shall be surprised if the farmers' organizations will be satisfied with such shadowy substitutes for the solid tariff upon foreign grain and meat to which the Tory Party was so firmly pledged.

And what of Imperial Preference? Not for the first time an abrupt contradiction is given to the indiscreet but absolutely true dictum with which Mr. Chamberlain, eleven years ago, launched his great proposal: "In order to give a preference to the Colonies you must put a tax on food." Mr. Law insists that an effective preference can be given without food taxes. But, though challenged by Sir Sidney Buckmaster to explain how it can be done, he gave no answer, but fell back upon speculations concerning the industrial future of Canada, in which a welcome preference upon her manufacturing exports to this country might herald an era of Imperial Free Trade. Not a word of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, or of the return preference to be made to them when foreign food and raw materials are allowed to enter our markets free. Once more were served up the re-cooked figures to prove the large yield to revenue from an average tax of 10 per cent. on manufactured goods. In this part of his argument the only novelty consisted of a bid for democratic sympathy by a proposal to place a high tax upon the £30,000,000 worth of foreign luxuries entering our shores. Challenged upon the economic validity of this proposal, he had the audacity to answer that experience proved that high taxation "did not prevent the continued importation of goods of this kind." Now this, of course, is absolutely false. Theory and practice alike support the view that taxes upon luxuries have a greater effect in reducing the demand than taxes upon necessities or conveniences. The talk of £10,000,000 to be raised by taxing foreign manufactured goods, is as false and foolish as ever. It is based upon a failure to distinguish manufactured from semi-manufactured goods and raw materials, and upon a failure to make any adequate allowance for the reduction of the imports brought about by the proposed taxes.

That the leader of a great party should think it worth his while to stand up and repeat this farrago of disingenuous sophisms is a really terrible reflection upon the intelligence and honesty of politics. The misstate-

ments of fact, the inconsistencies of reasoning, the base appeals to mere class interest, that constitute Fiscal Reform in this country have been so thoroughly exposed during ten years of controversy that it is difficult to believe that there may yet be "votes in it." Yet we suppose the Tariff Reformers still entertain this belief. They are still waiting in anxious expectation for the trade depression that does not come, in order to release their now truncated Protection from the cold storage in which it lies, and to galvanize it into life again, so as to win the suffrages of ignoramuses and dupes.

SWEDEN'S PROBLEM.

THE crisis in Sweden is a moving chapter of national history, but it is even more interesting to the distant onlooker as a symptom of the European unrest. In some of the most striking pages of "The Great Illusion," Mr. Norman Angell described the relative happiness of the smaller nations of the Continent, free from the weight of armaments and the nightmare fear of war, and able to devote all their intellectual and material resources to their internal problems. The picture was too glowing, and with each year the colors of reality grow more sombre. Belgium must squander millions on the fortification of Brussels; Holland erects new batteries along the coast; and now it is Sweden which is convulsed by a proposal, modest, indeed, when one compares it with the recent French case, to extend the term of compulsory military service. There is still much truth in Mr. Norman Angell's contrast, but it tends to grow less true. Military service in Sweden extends to only eight months, and the proposal is now to increase it to twelve. That is just one-third of the French term, and the optimist may dwell, if he chooses, on the disparity. But the moral is none the less clear. From the windows of Brussels, The Hague, and Stockholm, three little nations look out on the arming of Europe. They watch the ranging of the Great Powers in two opposite camps; they hear the clatter of the armed peace, and they draw the conclusion—perhaps a too simple conclusion—that all these armaments are for use. It is conceivable that they are only for sale. It follows that in the war which, from their windows, looks, if not inevitable, at least probable, the little peoples must prepare to make their neutrality respected. Holland fears for her coasts in an Anglo-German naval war. Belgium dreads that the German legions will march over her into France. Sweden suspects that if ever Russia and Germany are at war, her harbors may be violated by their ships. That, at least, is the reason officially given to explain the need of increased armaments. The case is even worse, because one knows that unofficially what the Swedes dread, even more than the violation of their neutrality, is the seizure of some of their islands or of their northern territory by Russia. The Great Powers, in crisis after crisis which just ended without the outbreak of war, have taught the little nations that peace is insecure. The affair of Bosnia proved to them that treaties receive scant respect. The Balkan tangle exhibited an impotent Concert. It wants some faith in the future to escape the general contagion.

The position of parties in Sweden would be difficult to parallel anywhere in Europe. Both Liberalism and Socialism are strong, and perhaps because they are so, they have learned to respect each other and to co-operate within certain limits. The late Liberal Government came into power pledged, in what seems to have been quite definite terms, to make no increase in armaments. That was clearly the opinion of the country, and the Riksdag has not yet swerved from its original convictions. The movement of alarm came from outside politics. It was led by the explorer, Dr. Sven Hedin, and at first it took the form of an immense voluntary subscription, which realized nearly a million sterling for the building of a small battleship. The Government was impressed, and gradually compromised. It agreed to some increase in armaments. It accepted the ship-money. It played for time by appointing a Parliamentary Commission. On one point, however, it stood firm; it would not increase the term of service until the electors had pronounced upon the question. These compromises may have been prudent, but they are difficult to defend. Either Sweden can trust civilization to respect her neutrality, or she cannot. If she can trust the usage and good faith of peoples, armaments are, in strict logic, superfluous in her case. If she cannot trust to treaties, then clearly her choice lies between the military experts who argue that her armaments should be a maximum limited only by her ability to provide it, and the amateur diplomatists who would have her become a minor partner of the Triple Alliance. Between the two schools there is no difference in practice, for big Allies are merciless in demanding armed readiness and large orders for guns from their *protégés*. The supposed security which a little State gains by entering a European Group must always be paid for at Essen, or Barrow, or Creusot. Spain and Roumania have proved it.

It is King Oscar's intervention on the side of the military experts and his defiance of the Cabinet which has given the crisis its dramatic aspect. The new Cabinet can have no function save to conduct an election, and the election will be fought on the double issue of armaments and the Royal prerogative. The sharp line of cleavage in Swedish politics will be bitterly accentuated between Conservative society and the Liberal middle class, between the Socialist workmen of the towns and the steadily Conservative peasantry. One cannot from a distance read the omens. It is evidently true that Society and Youth and some part of the learned world are with the King. But the Socialists claim to have organized demonstrations even larger than the peasants' march, if less impressive from the standpoint of stage management. The association of a new type of popular royalism with modern militarism is characteristic and almost inevitable. It follows the Prussian model, and it will doubtless lead, sooner or later, into the Prussian camp. The gradual enrolment of the lesser nations in one Alliance or the other, is a logical development of the struggle for a balance of power which has governed European politics since Lord Lansdowne and M. Delcassé prepared our entry into Continental systems. The nightmare of unrest, which diplomatists with unconscious irony describe as a balance of power, is destined, while

this principle rules us, to go on adding recruit to recruit, ship to ship, and ally to ally.

The supreme absurdity of the situation lies in this, that the fears of Sweden, whose natural sympathies are with Britain and France, are based on the conduct of their ally, Russia. Sharpened by their anger at the fate of Finland, the suspicions of the Swedes have been powerfully aroused by a peculiarly shameless case of espionage, revealing an interest in Swedish armaments on the part of the Russian attaché, which went far beyond an innocent professional curiosity. That the Russian reaction has designs on Sweden is hardly doubtful, and the fall of M. Kokovtsoff is a warning that the reaction is in the ascendant. For our part, we believe that the permanent forces which make for the respect of public faith and international law are stronger than the Swedish Conservatives realize. Russia, after all, is dependent on the French, and to a less extent on the British, money-market, and that dependence, if nothing else, imposes on her a certain regard for the public opinion of Europe. It was too weak to save Persia. But the sentiment which ignores Persia has more concern for what happens in Europe. An aggression so wanton and so cruel as this would be, has become unthinkable in the modern world. It could happen only as an incident in Armageddon, and that day of wrath will come only when the world's ruling castes are simultaneously moved to commit suicide. The issue in the coming elections will be a European event. It will decide much more than the future of King Oscar, and the length of the Swedish infantryman's term of service. It will be in effect a *plébiscite*, in which a shrewd and cultivated nation, which watches the European camps from a detached isolation, will declare whether in its opinion there is left in Europe enough regard for the elements of civilization to make safe the position of a weakly armed neutral State.

Life and Letters.

MANAGING A RAILWAY.

THERE are two classes of persons given to thinking aloud, those who forget themselves, and those who are insolently indifferent to what other persons think or feel. In either case the habit is embarrassing, as Lord Claud Hamilton has perhaps by this time discovered. For when he gave as the reason for appointing an American general manager of the Great Eastern Railway, the statement that "in this country there is a dearth of rising talent equal to undertaking the responsibilities of the general managership, or of any other big position," he could hardly have expected that his countrymen would "take it lying down." The first bout of what may prove a very edifying controversy is, of course, spoiled by the fury of patriotic resentment it has evoked. Other railway authorities and successful business men at large are lined up for the defence of the business efficiency of England against the audacious pretence of the trans-Atlantic competitor. It is natural and not irrelevant to question the competency of Lord Claud Hamilton and his fellow-directors to form so confident a judgment. Is it not conceivable that the talent may be there, but that Lord Claud may not have eyes to see it, or that the system for which Lord Claud is responsible may cause a dearth of rising talent by denying talent full opportunity to rise? Nay, does not this possibility become

a high probability when we reflect upon the ways in which the chairmen and directors of our railways are themselves appointed? Or does Lord Claud Hamilton believe that his chairmanship of the Great Eastern, his brother's chairmanship of the Metropolitan District, and the occupancy of the chairmanship and directorship of so many other companies by gentlemen of title and high standing, are the results of a natural selection of genius for railroad work? Is it not common knowledge that these posts are for the most part allotted to men who neither possess nor acquire any special knowledge of, or training in, this highly complex business? Though applicable, doubtless, in various degrees to other lines of great business enterprise conducted under joint-stock companies, this criticism applies with particular force to British railways. Some of these controllers of our railways are without question men of ability and general business experience, but for railway work they remain unqualified amateurs, giving for the most part only a portion of their spare time to work which, done properly, demands the full time and energies of well-trained specialists.

In speaking thus, we are not, as may seem to some, confusing the functions of director and manager. So far as there is any truth in the statement that we are losing ground in industrial competition with Germany and America, it is due, more than to any other single cause, to the notion that directors do not require to possess a special knowledge of the business they direct. This notion is itself the lazy theory of a class of so-called business men, whose real interests lie outside the business life, in sport, society, politics, or travel, but who like the status, the emoluments, and the slender occupation of a director. Partly the sons of practical successful business men, partly gentlemen of private means who like to keep an eye on their investments and to dabble in finance, partly men of social position who are glad to supplement their privy purse by the salary of a director, these directors exercise a depressing effect upon the general efficiency of business. This is particularly true of our railways, where the status of director carries with it an unusual dignity. The general result is an absence of thoroughly-informed and competent control which exposes our railway system to the two vices of slackness and excessive routine. When an able manager has happened to get into the saddle, he has practised economy and secured reforms, but, as Lord Claud Hamilton quite justly recognizes, there is no proper provision in the strict departmentalism of our railways for all-round able managers to be evolved. Moreover, when the management in any business is aware that the eye neither of the shareholder nor of the public is constantly upon it, slackness, waste, and extravagance always prevail.

Under such circumstances, it is probable enough that directors, having failed to educate managers at home, do wisely to go to America to find them. For while there is no reason to suppose that for railway management, or other skilled business operations, America produces finer natural talent than we, such talent as it possesses has more opportunity of discovery, and more incentives to improvement. With established wealth, culture, sport, travel, and the life of pleasure are beginning to qualify the domination of industrialism, but it still remains true that business is the absorbing interest of America. Prestige attaches pre-eminently to the successful business man. Business is the field for personal achievement, for the display of initiative, skill, will, judgment, force of character, and all the qualities that give distinction to personality. Certain survivals of the Puritan valuations of industry, thrift, sobriety, and regularity of life, have assisted to maintain this moral and social reputation of business. But it is the idea that business is the great career, open to all, in which success may be won by personal merit, that invigorates the business life of America. Though modern conditions qualify the application of this idea, it still remains true that the brains and will-power of America are almost wholly drawn into the business life and its related fields of law and politics. The meagre achievements of America in literature, art, pure science, and all the "higher" arts of life, are rightly thus

explained. The men of great general ability are almost all absorbed in business enterprise, whereas in this country they find many other outlets for their energy.

And if the business life of a still rapidly expanding country like America offers a great variety of careers, there is one which stands out pre-eminent in its attractions. No chapter in the romance of trade has ever equalled in sensational and dramatic interest the story of the American railroad. The mere magnitude of a business that comprises more than a third of the railway mileage of the world startles the imagination. This network of iron roads constitutes the greatest material achievement of America, perhaps of the world. More brains, and will, and faith, and physical energy have gone into this work than into any other. To every American the railroad stands continually in the forefront of his mind as a primary fact of life. There could be no truly United States, at any rate upon the present scale, without the railway. The publicity of its proceedings, and the place it occupies in the conversation of all classes, have no analogy in any European country. The President of a railroad is, *ipso facto*, a great public character. He is the impersonation of power and success in a country where no other god is seriously worshipped. But he is not a moneyed gentleman of leisure, or a man of merely general business aptitudes, but one who knows through and through, by hard practical experience, the science and art of railroading. Even if in some instances he has entered through the avenue of law or of finance, it is railway law and railway finance, and it involves a deep study of the engineering and concrete business problems of the industry. We speak of the science and the art of railroading as studies that are generally recognized in America. They are barely beginning to struggle into recognition here. This is, perhaps, one reason why Americans have much to teach us in this field of enterprise. They can teach because they have learned. Not only the engineering, but the law, the management, the economics, the accountancy, the history of railroads are serious courses of study in hundreds of well-equipped universities and commercial colleges. How much serious attention has been given to the study in our colleges? Though a start has been made in London, Manchester, and a few other local universities, it may safely be asserted that not one per cent. of the opportunities for study is offered to British railway officials or students that is obtainable in America. And where there is no theory, practice always suffers. A striking example of this is afforded in the laggard condition of our railway accountancy, which even now successfully evades the troublesome but necessary task of working out its costs upon a basis of ton-miles. Added to such intellectual stagnation, the notorious fact that the departmental system in most of our railways precludes the possibility of an official gaining the all-round experience required for general management, probably affords a justification of the wisdom of the Great Eastern directors in choosing an American manager. If the stir which this action has aroused induces our railway directors and managers to revise their stock notions, and make their service one in which men of talent and ambition get full opportunity to rise, the blazing indiscretion of Lord Claud Hamilton may be of signal service to the nation. For if it be true that our railways are so ill-ordered that they make no provision for discovering and training managerial ability, it is important that our great national highroads should be rescued from the clutches of such self-confessed incompetence.

A ROMAN DECADENT.

In an age when the centre or sink of our civilization had come as near insanity as mankind can come without converting earth into the Bedlam of the stars, there was living in the midst of it a man who has secured immortality by crazy chance. His name was Petronius, and near the close of the last book of the "Annals"—just before our remaining manuscripts break off—Tacitus has remarked in passing, "I may as well add a few words about this person." Two brief chapters follow—not more than forty lines in all—describing the life and death

of a character typical of ages that are called decadent. We read of one who devoted the day to sleep, and the night to life's occupations and amusement; one who gained his reputation, not by work, but by idleness; and yet was no ordinary "waster" upon the road to ruin, but an artist in his extravagance. "Erudito luxu" is the characteristic Tacitean phrase, and the man's artistry, or delicate choice, in the life of pleasure was evidently his particular distinction.

The historian goes on to say that the more abandoned and imprudent his words or actions were, the more gladly they were accepted as evidences of the simple life; and we all know the bottomless extravagance of artistic simplicity. In ordinary affairs, Petronius, we are told, was no fool, and as Governor of the Black Sea coast he displayed vigor and capacity. But on his return he sank again into vice, or (another Tacitean touch!) into the affectation of vice, and was admitted among the select members of the Emperor's "set," where he won his proud title of Beauty's Referee, "Arbiter Elegantie." His influence at Court rose so high that without his approval even Nero, though an artist himself, could never be sure which form of enjoyment was free from vulgarity and might be chosen by an artist as genuinely refined.

Unfortunately for the Imperial morals, this artist in sin, by his fastidious conceptions about the quality of pleasures, roused the jealous hatred of a favorite less elegant and scrupulous in the satisfaction of desire. Throwing himself on the Emperor's cruelty, Tigellinus accused Petronius of friendship with a comparatively decent man. Recognizing that such a charge was mortal, Petronius made no delay in arranging an æsthetic end. "See Naples and die!" he might have said, with a smile of apology for the well-worn tag. For he was hard by Naples, at Cumæ, the very place where the chief scene of his remaining book is laid. Affecting death by natural causes, as being more elegant than self-slaughter, he daintily contrived that the blood should flow very slowly from his veins, and while the ruby wine of life oozed, drop by drop, he lay at life's last feast, dozing sometimes, and then requesting the company not to mander about immortality or other crabbed philosophies, but to cheer his latest moments with jolly songs and gently flowing verse. As was usual in such cases, he sent his will to the Emperor, but on opening it with natural expectation, Nero did not discover the customary legacies and expressions of devotion. He was shocked to find an elaborate list of his own vices and his own associates in them, together with a description of the novel abominations peculiar to each. Such was the characteristic end of Beauty's Referee.

It is tempting to compare him with Beau Nash, Beau Brummel, or some other favorite of the Regency. But Petronius cherished intellectual claims from which the British courtier instinctively shrinks as demeaning to high birth, nor do we detect in the Hanoverian dynasty those artistic ambitions which tormented the Imperial artificer of Rome. Among modern arbiters of elegance, the leader of the æsthetic movement during the 'eighties comes nearer to Petronius. Oscar Wilde certainly possessed a power, both of imagination and of epigram, far beyond the Roman's reach; but in both we find the same demand for intellect and fastidious selection, the same defiance both of vulgarity and of accepted precepts, the same affectation of vice for the sake of vice, so curiously confused with the claim of art for the sake of art. Remove from Wilde the possibility of an æsthetic attraction to Christian ritual and the soul's absolution by repentance; imagine him an early Italian instead of an Anglo-Celt; place him in a reeling society, where virtue was a capital crime and the body's capacity for vice was the only limit to fashionable enjoyment, and one could see in him a fair counterpart to Nero's guide in the choice of pleasure. "Erudito luxu," "in speciem simplicitatis," "vitiis imitatione," "elegantie arbiter"—with what appreciation must Wilde often have remembered such phrases in the description of Petronius by the master of phrase!

It was, as we said, crazy chance which preserved the memory of Petronius. The historian thought it just worth while to give this brief account of another character upon the list of Nero's victims, and chance spared that

page when others were destroyed. Chance has also spared a few little lyrics attributed (only attributed) to this victim's composition, and a few fragments of a large book, for which rather than for his soul, the author, no doubt, desired immortality. One might call it a three-volume novel, except that it has no plot at all and very little continuity, but wanders along with a diffuseness such as only one notable novelist would venture upon now. It has been called a "Satyricon," or *Medley*, and the title represents the peculiar mixture of its contents—scenes of Italian life, adventures, short stories, poems, criticisms of style and painting, shipwrecks, and obscenity. Perhaps we ought not to say "its contents," for nothing of the contents remains to us but extracts from the fifteenth and sixteenth books. When time and indifference, or perhaps the rage of ascetic religion, consumed all the rest, chance saved these few small bits; and the most important fragment was accidentally found less than three centuries ago in a Dalmatian town, where someone had deposited a copy written out just when "Learning" began to revive. Even the authorship is not absolutely certain, and from less than seven-eighths of the book we can only conjecture the character of the whole. Still, though the ground is rather shaky, Mr. Michael Heseltine, the most recent editor, writes in the introduction to his excellent translation and text for the Loeb Classical Library (Heinemann): "We call his book a novel, and so pay him a compliment which he alone of Roman writers has earned."

Remembering Apuleius, who wrote little more than a century later, we are not sure about this praise. Though Apuleius was born in Africa, he is surely a Roman writer, and if the "Satyricon" is a Roman novel, what about the "Golden Ass"? It is a greater work, stronger in form and purpose; but the style is much the same, though the language has become even more relaxed, more Italian; it wanders about in much the same way, narrating adventures and scenes of common life, including short stories, poetic fragments, criticisms, and obscenities. A few Greek "novels" have survived, but there is a different tone about these two specimens of Latin novel, and if the "Golden Ass" was not actually modelled on the "Satyricon," the two works are obviously akin, and recall each other, especially in the elegancies and affectations that belong to a decadent age. The "Golden Ass," as we said, is the finer work, and probably the whole of it remains, but both are of great value in revealing for a moment glimpses of departed time, as though a curtain were rolled up and we were shown a cinematograph of Roman daily life in the century when Christianity was primitive.

In one respect, however, the living picture in the "Satyricon" has been misleading, though the author was not to blame. The longest and best fragment, accidentally preserved as we said, describes Trimalchio's banquet, and the description has been often quoted as though it represented ordinary Roman habits. We might as well suppose that a vulgar millionaire's display in some monstrous hotel, photographed by morning papers as the glory of civilization, and applauded by the vulgar mind for the thousands of pounds lavished upon flowers, real gondolas afloat on real water, and automatic waiters spouting champagne plenteous as the fountains in Trafalgar Square—we might as well suppose such a scene to represent the British dinner-party. In Trimalchio's banquet, Petronius was consciously drawing a satiric picture of provincial, or, as we should say, of American, vulgarity. Or we might compare Trimalchio with the South African mine-owner of twenty years ago. He is the typical parvenu of all time—the man who, having escaped from poverty himself by the speculation that is called "enterprise," and the exploitation that is called "providing employment," reckons greatness by possessions, and happiness in terms of cash.

In his banquet hall he has a real clock, and a trumpeter to keep telling him, as one of his guests said, how much of his life was lost and gone. His talking magpie hangs in a golden cage. On the wall, a painted dog, with "Cave Canem," inscribed on his kennel, terrifies the simple guest. A neighboring picture represents the master's triumphant career from the slave-

market to the official throne, where Fortune receives him with plenteous horn. On the sideboard a bronze donkey supports silver dishes, on which the value of each is inscribed, together with the owner's name. The drinks are cooled with snow, probably hoarded from Vesuvius, and the guests dabble their hands in wine. The vintage is more than a century old. To maintain religious tradition, a silver skeleton with movable joints is carried round, set in appropriate attitudes, while the master makes appropriate remarks upon the brevity of life.

The servants sing when they speak, and dance while they serve. The carver cuts to music. The master boasts himself the sole possessor of Corinthian plate, and, having a passion for silver, has collected a hundred four-gallon cups engraved with the scene of Cassandra killing her children. Cassandra had got mixed up with Medea in the owner's head, but no matter; the children were all lying about dead in the most lifelike manner. He treats his guests to extracts from the ledger of his investments and estates, the number of babies born to his slaves, and the interesting item of a slave crucified for having damned his soul. He also treats them to his will and an elaborate design for his tomb, which was to be a hundred by two hundred feet, with a statue of himself in his official robes at the top, wearing five gold rings, and distributing money from a bag. Ships in full sail (he first made his wealth by shipping) were to form a frieze; his little dog was to lie at his feet. The inside was to represent a dining-room, with his wife and guests seated round the table, and sealed jars of real wine waiting for ever to be drunk. A boy weeping over a broken urn, a sun-dial, and so on, were to be thrown in according to custom, and under his name, carved so big that no one could miss it, the inscription: "God-fearing, gallant, constant, he started with very little, left thirty millions, and never listened to a crank."

Space would fail to tell of the dinner itself—the sham eggs containing ortolans, the wild boar stuffed with live thrushes, the hare decked with wings like Pegasus, the fish swimming in an ocean of sauce, the three live pigs for the guests to choose from, the chickens, and tripe, and hillocks of varied flesh. And through all the gorging and drunkenness ran the entertainment of acrobats and dancers, dog-fights, horseplay and brutish insults to the great man's wife and her friend, stories that are now called "smoking-room," the conversation of perennial bores, riddles, and everything else from which the intelligence recoils. One redeeming point there is—the one distinction between Trimalchio and the modern vulgarian: now and again he quotes a line of Virgil, which shines like a star above the filthy slough.

The picture is obviously a satire; but when such a satire was possible, the poor "arbitrator elegantiae" was likely to have a sad and busy time.

A MEDITATION ON WAFFLES.

WE are all familiar with the delectable tea-cakes known as "waffles" in the pages of American novels, if we have never had the happiness of coming across them in real life. In the writer's opinion, the crumpet is the king of all tea-cakes—the crumpet of London, be it noted, redolent of memories of Dickens and Charles Lamb; nay, which may have been eaten by Dick Whittington after he became Lord Mayor, fragrant with the warmth and cosiness of London firesides on afternoons of fog and frost, without the currants which differentiate it into the "pikelet" of the Midlands and the North. The crumpet of London is the king of all tea-cakes, but the waffle comes next. According to the books referred to above, the American girl revels in waffles; she eats them with honey, with sugar, with cream, with jam. They are as necessary a part of her daily fare as candies, cream crackers, or ice-water. They are the continual refection of all the "Katie's" and "Pansies," of the "Little Women and Good Wives," and of Mr. W. D. Howell's heroines. We ourselves have only encountered the waffle at an actual tea-table twice—and until the second time—that is, until the other day—we had always supposed that it was wholly and solely American. That,

we imagine, is the general opinion. Mistaken as it is, it was certainly our own.

The first occasion was, we suppose, some fifteen or sixteen years ago. We sat at tea, under an authentic portrait of George Washington, in the drawing-room of a charming novelist—alas! soon after, to be taken from us—in his house on the Hog's Back. He was a member of a distinguished American family, but had himself been educated and had always lived in England. His family name, by the way, which we do not here divulge, is one which, more than twenty years after we first knew him, we now hear frequently in an out-of-the-way part of Lincolnshire. We confess that to ourselves the appearance of a new dish is something not unlike the swimming of a new planet into the ken of a lonely watcher of the skies, and we exclaimed at the unusual tea-cakes. The gracious and gentle lady who presided at the tea-table explained that they were waffles. We had supposed, we said, that they were only to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. "Yes, they are altogether American," she replied. "There is a special iron for making them, which can only be got in the States. We brought one home with us."

The waffle itself is a thin cake, made of a batter, which is pressed between two irons, square, and stamped, honeycomb fashion, with a piping or fluting all over its surface. As soon as one hears the word "waffle," one suspects its connection with "wafer." Accordingly, on referring to Skeat, we were not surprised to find that the old English of "wafer" is "wafre," that the French is "gaufre," the Dutch "waeffel," and the German "waffel." The history of the little cake is at once lighted up by its name.

At that time we did not, however, take the trouble to make even these elementary researches, but forgot all about waffles till we again happened to read an American book. The next time we actually met with waffles—it was, as we have said, quite recently—they were introduced to us as "gaufres." This was in a most kind and hospitable Lincolnshire farmhouse, of which the master makes it his special pride and boast that he is the most conservative and old-fashioned of conservative and old-fashioned Englishmen. Amid the exuberant expression of his unyielding conservatism, not only in politics, but in manners, customs, cookery, games, morals, beliefs, we are wont to sit for hours as in some luxuriant wood. We are ourselves in the most complete and heartfelt sympathy, for instance, with our old friend's lamentations over the passing of whist, or his laudations of meat roasted on a spit in front of the fire. "The old English way" is his continual refrain, "it was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine." Well, we sat down to tea—needless to say, in this house one sits down to tea at a substantial table. "Why, these are waffles," we exclaimed, in pleased surprise. "No; they are gaufres," said the old gentleman, "they are a very old Lincolnshire dish—there is a special iron for making them, which can only be got in Lincolnshire, or, at any rate, in the Eastern Counties."

Alas! not easily or readily even there at the present time. Next morning, like Old Mother Hubbard, we set out for the ironmonger's to get a gaufiring iron. He had not one in stock, but he was good enough to make a sketch of one for us, and promised to try to get us one. "A very few years ago," he said, "no ironmonger's stock would have been complete without one, but they are never asked for now. They are not to be found in the catalogues. Sometimes one sees them at sales, but I should hardly think of buying one." This is one of the very old local things which the dull grey flood of modernity has swept away, apparently within the last few years. Everyone we spoke to, and we spoke to everyone we met on the subject, was perfectly familiar with gaufres. They had been brought up on them, but they never saw them now. The ironmonger himself was eloquent on his grandmother's pair of gaufiring irons, and the superlative excellence of the cakes she made with them. "Jolly good, they were too! You never see such cakes now." His sketch of the irons lies before us as we write—the two irons between which the cake is pressed, a thick and a thin one, are set on a swivel, and held by

two long handles like those of a toasting fork. By them the cook holds it over the fire, and turns it as need requires. The cake, when cooked, is stamped in squares like a draught-board. The "gaufiring iron" is not to be confused with the "goffering iron," a laundress's implement for the piping, fluting, pleating—we speak as a layman—required in the getting-up of linen, the frilling of caps, aprons, ruffs, curtains, and pillow-cases. The ironmonger produced a pair of these, but we question whether even they are used as they once were. In the old days all these things were arts in which people took an artist's delight, even as they did in handwriting. The art of getting-up linen in perfection, we imagine, belonged to seventeenth-century Spain or Holland. Our own age is one of machines and saving trouble. However, the "goffering iron"—so the dictionaries spell it—evidently took its name from the cake. The flutings made by it, say, on the edges of pillow-cases, resemble the flutings of the gaufre. This instrument consists of two irons, like curling tongs, with handles like those of a pair of scissors.

The friend at whose table we enjoyed the gaufres chants unceasingly the praises of the old English geniality and hospitality, but he thinks, and we fear so too, that they tend to disappear. The hospitality of an old-fashioned Lincolnshire farmhouse is indeed unbounded—the profusion shown, say at Christmas, or at a wedding, is like a page from an old book, like something out of Rabelais. It reminds one of Thomas Tusser's "Hundred Points of Good Husbandry." This is the old English spirit—the spirit of Dickens. It coined the delightful phrase, "You're as welcome as the flowers in May," with which to greet a friend. That is a beautiful piece of true, old genial English. In a meagre, care-worn, anxious world, all this withers and dies. But—this is what we are coming to—the beautiful plant was carried across the Atlantic by the men of the "Mayflower," and there it took root, and in the fulness of time blossomed and flourished abundantly. All travellers tell of the warmth and geniality of the American welcome. We know how our English lions are fêted there. We believe that the "true, old-fashioned English hospitality," the open-handed, open-hearted geniality, is in reality to be found in America. We ourselves recently received from New York a request for a photograph of a certain Lincolnshire church. "My ancestor," said the writer, "went from Bilney in 1637, and, like all the Bilney men who went, he made good in America. And now," he added genially, "what can I do for you in New York?"

The Pilgrim Fathers had broken away no doubt from the religious tradition of the Middle Ages—indeed, all England had, but how much of the Middle Ages they carried across the Atlantic with them! Much is said—we ourselves have often said it—of the oppressiveness of the *régime* they inaugurated in the New World; but after all it seems to us that in a larger and freer air Puritanism soon lost its acerbity, and its children gained a large and genial tolerance of outlook, while never really losing the old characteristics. What, for instance, is the place of women in America? Where is chivalry to be found if not in the United States? And who are the modern pilgrims if not the Americans? The love of shrines and sacred places, the desire to visit them, to possess memorials of them, the piety felt for them, as shown in our correspondent's letter asking for a picture of the Church from which his ancestor fled, is as strong in them as in any palmer of old. The Americans are the palmers and relic-seekers of the present day. True, the shrines of their worship are such places as Stratford-on-Avon and Chalfont St. Giles. There probably was never a finer English gentleman than that Laurence Washington who went out from his manor in Northamptonshire, and became the ancestor of the great President. The perfection of human manners is to be found in the returned American, if we may say so, who has brought back to England the wide, genial American tolerance, and has regained, or, indeed, never lost, the English aristocratic culture. Such an one was that never-to-be-forgotten personality—genial, tolerant, gracious, wide-minded, sympathetic—at whose

tea-table we ate our first waffle. "He's a dear fellow," the neighbors would say, "but an awful Radical. The gardener's and the coachman's children come in and have tea with his boys." They sat at a common table, and all ate the American "waffle," the old English "gaufre," together.

COMING UP.

THE schoolmaster, who has been here nearly a score of years, knows the haunt of each wild flower, from yellow Star of Bethlehem or lady's tress orchis to the red helleborine, of which this is the only English home. He can tell you which flower grows only on the Great Oolite, which on the Lias, and which only where a little red iron gives it the necessary tone, and he knows the glens within the valleys where the first wild primrose must come, and the last strawberries must linger. He comes to us at Christmas wearing a blue periwinkle in his button-hole, and jeers at us in January for not having yet found the lesser celandine. He makes a secret expedition among the hills, and comes back avowing that he has once more seen the Pasque flower in bloom, and he has in his bog-garden some grass of Parnassus that was taken from some holy place not far off. And so when he offers to take us on a round he is about to make to see how the very early things are coming up in a portion of his great wild garden, we are glad to grasp at the invitation.

At the porch of the little school-house he stops and "throws up" like a hound that has caught the scent and not yet its direction, and ponders for a moment the ort that he had better first make for. Truly, the southwest whispers of a bewildering number of things this balmy February morning. It has touched the crocuscus-tufts of the flower-beds into flame, has crimsoned the mezereon, has drawn up the daffodil spikes six inches high, has brushed golden and orange lichens on the grey wall, has shot the burnished neck of the house pigeon with a lively iris, and it streams through every live thing that meets it, like warm water through a muslin bag. The schoolmaster might be excused on such a morning for thinking that the cowslips would be out, or at least the wood entirely starred with anemones. He keeps his head, however, and makes for a point no sunnier now than any other, but saved through months that are gone by a tender dimpling of Mother Earth's body from all winds but the persuasive south.

It is a V-shaped gully between two fields, carved in a thousand years or so by a stream, as you might think, of warm water. It is the tall nut-bushes, however, that, collecting the warmest rays of the air, conspire to cherish here some precocious things. The rich clay, strongly darkened with a thousand crops of leaf-mould, yet still clay, is cracked and broken with eruption everywhere, and much of the breaking-out has gone so far that even to the eye of one who has not seen this place in other years, the exact nature of it is plain. The green hellebore, for which you might search the mile radius without finding another plant, has made this gully its own, and is rushing into leaf and blossom by the myriad. It is seen in so many stages at once of its yawning and stretching that you might think it was coming up now this moment with the celerity of a cinematograph picture in answer to the boatswain cry, "Spring ahoy! Come, tumble up there!"

In Green Hellebore Dell we search also for the toothwort, parasite on the roots of the nut-bushes. That, however, has as yet made only a very faint heaving, discernible indeed to no eye that has not watched for it here these dozen years past. A dead twig has broken into a butterfly-like flower of scarlet, more brilliant than a huntsman's coat, and with a flame in it that scarlet cloth never has. It is not cloth, but live leather, and if we may not call it a blossom what else is it, since it carries the fructification of the fungus called *peziza*? Why it should be so gay, the most obliging botanist cannot say. It certainly attracts no bee, most probably no fly. The hidden mist of decay that has been given the thankless job of breaking down an old stick for the real flowers to make use of insists on celebrating the

completion of its task by coming out in astonishing glory as a very Golden Dustman.

The upper end of the glen (and the whole dell is scarcely a hundred yards long) is sheeted white with snowdrops. We take not very much heed of these, however, as the habitation is quite near from whose garden their forerunner probably strayed, and we make off over the hill for the next early dormitory. The nuts have certainly made up their minds that blossom-time has come, or perhaps almost certainly. Everywhere the streamers make the hedgerows gay, and it needs very little search to find that the less conspicuous female blossoms are open for the pollen that is flying. Yet here and there are trees that seem to specialize in one sex or the other, as though they were on the way to become, like the willows, male and female bushes. A stool that has its catkins not nearly open is nevertheless covered with the red stigmas, and another whose catkins have fully blown is almost without them. The alders by the stream in the centre of the valley are rosy and yellow with the promise of their wind-blossom, and, cosy in the wood, one or two sallow bushes are pushing on towards the golden "palm" that the first humble-bee loves.

The schoolmaster thinks of July and August as well as March as he treads above the sleeping heads of well-remembered flowers. Now he takes hold of the dried cluster of pods left by the yard-high milk vetch, somewhere in the few square yards of the only place where you can find it hereabouts in summer. Then he plucks the whitened stem that reminds us of the summer glory of a rare member of the umbel tribe, whose specific trade-mark can still be found in this scaffold remnant. Or he pushes far down into the herbage at a point exactly marked by alignment with a gate and a tree trunk, and finds the tiny leaves just beginning of dusky cranesbill or fly orchis. But the real business of the day is with those things reasonably to be expected to be in blossom, if only as to the first precocious member of their tribe. In a wilderness of dog's mercury, every plant with the green bunches hanging, but the buds closed, we pounce upon one that has been slashed into tiny yellow stars with yet tinier stamens hanging, ripe with pollen. And among the full-budded glory of the setterwort, one or two adventurers have burst wide open to show their petals of delicate mauve and their crowd of inviting anthers.

Here we come to another dimple, this time in the wide wood. A stream runs through it on a hidden bed of clay under the deep black leaf-mould. Just where it comes into the sun, a few broad but not very large leaves have sprung up in its bed. At first sight they are the lesser celandine, but, after a moment's reflection, the greater and juicier promise of the marsh marigold. And in fact, coming up, stride for stride, with the impetuous leaves are the plump, round buds that in not many days will break into orange "water-blobs." A little higher up the stream, a branch of it that the guide knows well is drawn from a maze of hidden threads in a tumbling, rolling sponge of bank that is crusted all over with a tiny yellow vegetation. Like a moss working towards its fruit stage, it is gathering itself into the coherence of a beautiful leaf-pattern, and among the tiny leaves you can already see whitish buds sprinkled that will enliven the whole bank with golden saxifrage.

Again we come upon a sheet of snowdrops, this time far from any habitation, and looking entirely wild on the edge of an alder-shaded stream, where a water vole sits and trims its whiskers. And having gone a considerable round to return by a parallel path, we come across a little patch of yellow winter aconite, seemingly just as wild, under a group of goat-willow coming into silver. But the eye travelling beyond the aconite lights upon snowdrops at the stream-edge, then upon a yew tree by a bit of broken wall, and is forced to the conclusion that this strip in the wild wood was, fifty years or so ago, a cottage garden. All the rest of its flowers have been trampled out by the grasses and weeds that were before man was, but these two gay friends and the gloomy yew have persisted after the walls have crumbled and gone to show how in a highly populated country man can be driven back in his cultivation by reactionary forces of his own creation. If we had a prospector's licence, as

men may yet have, to re-colonize some of these neglected spots, we should use it in very early spring, and pitch our homestead in the dimple where the golden saxifrage first blossoms, or the primroses already show their buds in the deep cradle of their leaves.

Short Studies.

"TWANKIDILLO."

COLLECTORS of folk-music will no doubt agree with me when I say that you may scent and even view your quarry, and, eventually, after a long and stern chase, capture it only in fragments. By this I mean that you may secure the words of your song one day, and many more days may pass before you come across the tune to which they were sung, and *vice versa*. The finding of a complete folk-song may sometimes be as exciting as the hunt.

This was my experience in the pursuit of "Twankidillo," that famous song which, aforetime, was sung by the Sussex blacksmiths at the feast of their patron, Saint Clement. Long ago I had collected the words, and had even secured a detailed description of the ritual that was performed annually by the blacksmiths on St. Clement's Day (November 23rd); but in spite of all my efforts to come upon the tune of "Twankidillo," I seemed to be doomed to disappointment.

The words forming the chorus of "Twankidillo" have so fine a swing that I felt sure that the tune that had been made to fit them must be well worth hearing. That conclusion made the pursuit all the keener. I dropped into the habit of repeating the chorus to myself:—

"Twankidillo, Twankidillo, dillo, dillo,
Dillo, dillo, dillo,
With a roaring pair of bagpipes
Made from the green willow."

The result of many repetitions of this rousing chorus was that in time I came, by the fact of reiteration, to fit to it a tune of my own composing. To this tune always I sang the words of the chorus, but so small is my gift of music that never could I compose an air to suit the words of the song, and with the suspicion that my setting of the chorus must, to the original air, be like a slop suit covering the figure of a perfectly formed man, for a long time I had to be content.

One day, after some years had passed without the air of "Twankidillo" being revealed to me, I learnt to my joy that an old man of the name of Mark Muddles, who lived in acombe of the Downs beyond Rottingdean, had sung "Twankidillo" in his youth, such time as he was a blacksmith in some village of West Sussex. So on the morning after this good news came to me, I set out on foot for the cottage of Mark Muddles, and therein I heard him sing the tune, and from him I learnt to sing it myself, and then came away, my mind full of "Twankidillo." Then seeing that no one was about on that part of the Downs, forthwith I, in the fear that I might forget it, sang in a loud voice:—

"Here's health to the jolly blacksmith,
The best of all fellows,
Who works at his anvil,
While the boy blows the bellows;
For it makes his bright hammer to rise and to fall.
Says the Old Cole to the Young Cole and the Old Cole of all:
Twankidillo, Twankidillo, dillo, dillo,
Dillo, dillo, dillo.
With a roaring pair of bagpipes
Made from the green willow."

The song, as I have said, I sang to impress the air upon my memory, and then, being well pleased with it, I began to sing it again. I was now walking along the road that runs above Telscombe cliffs to Rottingdean and Brighton. The day was very windy—the breeze blowing full in my face—so that with such opposition to my progress, and the business of walking, I found that the task of singing so great a chorus to be no easy one.

Presently, on coming to a rise in the road, I saw

before me an old woman pushing a barrow up the hill. In a few minutes I overtook her, and then I found that what I had taken to be a barrow was a covered deal box mounted upon a set of old perambulator wheels. The progress of the old woman, as she pushed her little vehicle against the wind and the hill, was painfully slow; moreover, her breathing was wheezy, and from this I gathered that she suffered from asthma. The sight of the woman so engaged, and laboring under such disabilities, was so pitiable that no humane man could have ignored her. Therefore, I gave her good day, and suggested that I should push her barrow to the top of the hill, an offer which she accepted thankfully.

"That's a rare old song you was singing, sir," said the woman when I had relieved her of her barrow. "It 'minds me of old times."

"What, you know 'Twankidillo'?" I asked.

"That I do," she said, "though that warn't what we called it. 'Old Clem' was the name we knewed it by. The boys an' young men uster sing it in my young days when they went 'Clemming.' I allus liked the tune 'cos' it's so chucker-like" (cheerful).

Here was a coincidence, or something like one. I had hunted for the tune of "Twankidillo" for three or four years, and at last, within an hour, met two persons who knew it.

"Tell me about the 'Clemming,'" I said to the old woman.

"That," she answered, "was a sort o' game—like bonfire an' Christmas—which was played on Clem, the Blacksmith's Day, by the boys down Steyning way—in November, 'twas. I lived at a place called Bramber then. Maybe you've heard tell of it, sir; an' my young man uster help in the 'Clemming,' while us gals helped to sew the clothes for 'Old Clem.'"

"Yes," said I, by way of encouragement, as the old woman paused to struggle with her breath.

"We uster have some proper fun with 'Old Clem,' I can tell 'ee. The boys made a figure which was meant for 'Old Clem,' with a wig an' beard an' a pipe in his'n mouth, just as if 'twere a real man. Then they put un in a chair, an' after firing off their anvils, they carried un round to all the houses, an' axed for apples an' beer. Arter they done that, they took the figure of 'Old Clem' to the public, an' put un up agen the door while they had supper. A proper bit o' fun it was, sure enough."

"And after supper they sang the song of 'Old Clem,' I suppose?"

"That they did, sir, same as you was singing it just now; only we called it 'Old Clem,' not 'Twankidillo.'"

We had reached the top of the hill while the old woman was still telling of the ceremonial of St. Clement's Day, but as I was much interested in the recital, I did not venture to interrupt her by suggesting that she should now push the barrow herself. I was very willing that she should take the barrow from me, for it smelt unpleasantly of fish, and, to tell the truth, I was somewhat anxious not to be seen by any passer-by pushing so primitive a vehicle.

But soon after we reached the top of the hill, and when she had finished the story connected with Old Clem, the woman suddenly became a victim to a distressing attack of asthmatical wheezing, during which she appeared to breathe with great difficulty. Indeed, the grip of the paroxysm was so powerful upon her that she sank down by the side of the road, while I stood by with a feeling of alarm, yet not knowing what to do.

Thus I stood for some minutes looking at the old woman, and, in some sense, suffering with her. Then, even as I watched her, the attack passed away.

"'Tis my brown-crisis," she said, when she was able to speak; "it do make me feel terrible weak an' bad."

She stood up and began to walk on, and I took the handle of her evil-smelling fish cart and pushed it along by her side.

"You ought not to be out on such a day as this," I said to the old woman. "Have you no one to look after you?"

"Not to say look arter me," she made reply. "I've got a married darter; but she ban't much good to me,

seeing as she have got her own to do fur. But there! I doänt mind work; I've allus been uster it."

"What are you going to do with your fish?" I asked her in the hope that her thoughts would revert to her barrow, and that she might offer to relieve me of it, when I was determined to continue my journey at my own more rapid gait.

"I be a-goin' to sell it in Brighton," she said, "leastways, what's left of it. I've took an' sold most of it already up in Piddinghoe, an' what's left I shall sell in Brighton; an' what's left arter that I shall have for supper, belike."

"Well," said I, with some desperation, though I endeavored to keep that note from my voice, "wouldn't you like to take your barrow now?"

"If you please, sir," said the old woman, "I'll be main glad if you'll wheel it fur me pretty nigh up to Rottingdean; I feel that weak and desprit-like along o' my brown-crisis that I doänt seem as I can get it along by myself."

I looked at her keenly. She was feeble, as well as old. It would be cruel to leave her alone to push her creaking barrow against the wind. I looked along the road. No person was to be seen, and I went forward again, the woman wheezing and walking by my side.

In my anxiety to be rid of the fish-barrow I forgot the disabilities under which my companion labored, and thus I walked at so rapid a pace that in a dozen strides or so I had left the woman behind me. Soon I discovered this, and halted while she came up, which she did, panting so distressfully that I feared she would have another paroxysm.

"What do you do at home when your 'brown-crisis' comes on?" I asked her.

"Twopenn'orth o' rum," she gasped.

"Does that stop the attack?" I inquired.

"Pretty nigh always," she replied; "I've never knowed it not to."

I put my hand in my pocket. I had no coppers, but I found sixpence, which I handed to the old woman.

"You had better get two penn'orth of rum at the public-house," I said, "and bring me the change. I will go on slowly with the barrow, and if you are not more than five minutes I will wait for you outside Rottingdean."

That village was only a hundred yards away, and I determined to get the barrow through its street as quickly as I could. I felt something like horror at the possibility that some motoring acquaintance might meet me pushing this dreadful vehicle, and I turned down the brim of my felt hat, as the only disguise open to me. With my face thus half-concealed, I walked rapidly through the village street, on the look-out to discover some man or boy whom I might bribe to relieve me of the old woman's fish-barrow.

The woman, still wheezing, had left me near the public-house. Nobody was to be seen in the street as I hurried through, and when I had got beyond the village some three or four hundred yards, I sat down on the bank of the road and waited.

Ten minutes passed; fifteen, twenty, and I saw no sign of my companion. I wondered if she was suffering from another attack of her malady, or whether she was staying in the public-house until she had spent the sixpence. The strong probability of the last suggestion made me feel angry, and I had almost determined to desert the fish-barrow and continue my journey to Brighton, when the vision of the poor old thing struggling against the wind decided me to give her another five minutes' grace.

Presently, from the direction of Brighton I saw a policeman coming along the road. Here is luck! thought I. I will explain the situation to him, bespeak his kind offices on behalf of the old woman, and leave the barrow in his charge. He came up to me.

"Where did you get that here barrer?" he asked.

I told him that I was looking after it for a poor old woman, who would come for it presently. He listened with a smile on his face, and then uttered the expression:—

"Ki-bosh!"

"What do you mean, constable?" I asked.

"I mean that here barrer's been stolen. Taken from outside a pub. at Newhaven while the man what it belongs to was inside having a drink. They telephoned to Brighton about it. Never thought of that, did ye? Well, you can push it back to Newhaven, and I'll go along with you."

This story amazed me; then for a moment I was angry at being thought the thief of a fish-barrow; next, the humor of the situation struck me, and I burst into laughter.

The constable was more difficult to convince of my innocence than I think, even now, he should have been. I told him the whole story, omitting only the incident of "Twankidillo," and, furthermore, at his request, I gave him a description of the old woman.

"That," said he, "looks like Dutch Bell."

"She says she came from Bramber," said I.

"That's her!" exclaimed the constable; "the biggest drunkard hereabouts!"

"I hope you won't be too hard on her," I said. "She is ill and old."

"Sixty-two, if she's a day," said the policeman; "been drinking hard pretty nigh forty years. If you don't mind standing by the barrer for another ten minutes, sir, I'll go and see what I can make of her."

Off he went to the public-house. Thus left alone again, I became a prey to remorse that I had done the old woman so ill a turn as to bear evidence against her. She was old—sixty-two, the constable had said; and she was poor and dreadfully asthmatical. I saw myself in the police court, a witness against her!

"But that guilt I will never have on my conscience," said I. I stood up, pushed the wretched little fish-barrow into the bank of the road, and strode out across the Downs. Soon the road was out of sight, and I slackened my pace, dropping into my usual stride. Then, for fear that I should forget it, I whistled "Twankidillo."

ARTHUR BECKETT.

The Drama.

ANATOLE FRANCE AS PLAYWRIGHT.

"Au Petit Bonheur"

Germaine	MIRIAM LEWES.
Cécile	MADGE MCINTOSH.
Nalège	CLAUDE KING.
Chambray	MALCOLM CHERRY.

"The Comedy of the Man who Married a Dumb Wife."

Master Adam Fumée	A. S. HOMEWOOD.
Leonard Botal (Judge)	RUDGE HARDING.
Catherine Botal	MAIRE O'NEILL.
Master Simon Colline	EDWARD RIGBY.
Master Jean Maugier	BALLOL HOLLOWAY.

LITERATURE, when it goes back to the Middle Ages, is always apt to resemble a young man among the portraits of his ancestors. If it is a fine old family, a lineage to be proud of, be sure that he will find somewhere on the cracked old canvases exactly the shade of brown hair, or precisely the curl of the lip which greet him daily from his own mirror. There is no one more inveterately addicted to this aristocratic weakness than M. Anatole France. If he can wear his scholarship so lightly, if he can always emerge from the museums and the libraries with a smile and an epigram, it is because he is so serenely sure that the blood of these medieval ancestors is dancing in his own veins. How did they think? How did they jest? Why, of course, as Frenchmen have always thought and jested—that is to say, as they think and jest to-day. One must arrange the dress and fashions of their minds, to be sure, with every regard to the period. But the dress is a secondary thing, when one's legs have a certain gait and one's arms have learned a certain gesture.

It is this inner conviction that Frenchmen were always Frenchmen, that they never lacked for quickness and audacity and a certain brilliant hardness, which makes even a little farce by M. Anatole France in

the medieval manner a thing of spirit and life, and lends it a certain intellectual reality in its uttermost absurdity. Here is the spirit of medieval fun, because it is French fun dancing to a natural measure in well-cut medieval clothes. It was, to be sure, a simple jest, and the detail was lightly sketched. A certain judge, gravely corrupt, learnedly venal, as all judges in an ancient farce should be, has married a pretty young wife, who is deaf and dumb. Is it a defect or a quality? The judge has moments in which he feels that he is embracing something uncannily sub-human. A suitor introduces him to a doctor who, by a deft operation, can loosen tongues. Solemnly they come in, the doctor, the surgeon, and the apothecary, with the cant speeches of their mystery, and riotously they go up to the operating chamber, singing a drinking song. The operation succeeds, and the pretty young wife becomes an intolerable chatter-box. The judge, on the point of losing his reason, sends for the trio to make his wife dumb again. That is beyond their art, but they can with a certain powder solve the problem in the other way. They can make the judge deaf. Lapped in "an agreeable kophosis," smiling blandly in an ineffable peace, the judge sits still while the gossip turns scold, and suddenly, after some cuffs and blows, bites her lord, and produces in him a sort of hydrophobia. He bites the whole company in turn, and as the inevitable strolling fiddler enters, the farce breaks down into a jig.

It is a slight enough joke, but it has all the aroma of medieval jollity, the clear-cut hardness of Rabelaisian fun. It is French fun, which is the holiday-making of the intellect, as English fun is the relaxation of sentiment. It ought to be a merry diversion for the theatre, and the translation by Mr. Ashley Dukes which the Stage Society used this week was deftly turned. But the acting was a little heavy, a thought too conscientious and too realistic, and the pace was much too slow. The judge of Mr. Harding was too dry, too formal, too little the average sensual man under his robe, and Miss Maire O'Neill who chattered with a rich and unsuppressible Irish accent, was continually giving hints of a quite inappropriate depth of sentiment under her garrulity. When a farce ends in a jig, one ought to feel the music coming. Its measure should pervade the whole performance, and the feet which are going to dance should never wholly walk.

Of the modern one-act comedy by M. Anatole France which the Stage Society produced with his medieval farce it is difficult to write as though it were a play. It is a sparkling society dialogue, written with a finished literary art, and so far suited to the theatre, that it gains by the tones and facial expressions of the actors. It gains, that is to say, exactly as some poems gain by being read aloud. It is simply a conversation between a lady and two gentlemen, on "the only possible subject of conversation between a Frenchman and a Frenchwoman." The theme is old enough to be important, and important enough not to be threadbare. It represents the success of a professional "lady-killer," a connoisseur in female charms, who woos with finish, ease, and elegance, over a passionate, poetical, but fortunately witty lover, whose siege is conducted with too heavy guns. The dialogue flouts all realism by its brilliance of phrase and epigram; but the epigrams, one by one, are flung out with an ease which at least does knee-worship to Nature. They are not the impossibly rounded sentences of Oscar Wilde's plays. For the rest the tone is light and cynical, and one listens to the conversation with only an intellectual curiosity in the result. The lady herself is such light porcelain that one is inclined to think that she goes into her proper place when she joins the collection in the connoisseur's cabinet. Love in this cynical little sketch is a frank and quite naked sensuality, which wears a few epigrams for jewels, and covers its eyes with a fan of flattery. The passion of the serious lover in this ultra-French reading of life differs from the appetite of the man about town only by its concentration. One quite agrees that, on this level of love, the polite invitation is probably more amusing than the passionate siege. The acting of the little piece was a brilliant and singularly even achievement. Miss

Miriam Lewes as the lady, and Mr. Malcolm Cherry as the courtly suitor were particularly successful.

It is a violent transition from the Gallic elegance of these two plays to an adaptation of one of Mr. Arnold Bennett's Pottery Towns' novels. "Helen with the High Hand" seemed a slight yet successful achievement when one read the book. It was a feat to bake such light bread with the heavy dough of these rough Staffordshire characters. On the stage one felt the improbability which the art of the book concealed. The local color had faded out of the picture. That rare creation, the old miser, James Ollerenshaw, stood out harsh and isolated, a portrait without background or atmosphere. In the book he is the supreme type of a code of provincial manners, a perfect condensation of a whole surrounding world which has its own fixed view of life. On the stage he was simply an eccentric, an original. We never felt the smoke of the Staffordshire chimneys in the air, nor did we even hear the Staffordshire accent. Mr. McKinnell had, indeed, a rich and consistent accent, but it was indubitably Lowland Scots. As an individual achievement his rendering of the character was masterly. It was best in its hard and domineering moments, irresistible in the small cunning which might as well be Scottish as Staffordshire, charming in the homely familiarity of its melting under the rays of Helen's charm, and less successful only in the unconvincingly dramatized episode of old James's collapse before the wooing of Mrs. Prockter. Helen is an impossible character to realize in one's own mind, but in some of her many aspects Miss Nancy Price was triumphantly successful. One has to conceive a solid hereditary basis of Five Towns' hardness, acquisitiveness, and regard for the main chance. Drape this in expensive gowns, dashing manners, and winning charm, but allow for some utterly irrational Early Victorian femininity in the woman who wanted in her heart to be mastered by a bearish and uncouth lover. Miss Nancy Price acted all three of the persons of this trinity with brilliance, but she did not—and who could?—convince us of their unity. But one must not ask for too much psychology in a light comedy. Miss Rosina Filippi was an amusing Mrs. Prockter, Miss Mille Maund a clever little fluttering Lilian Swetnam, and Mr. Trevor duly, perhaps excessively, rough as the bearish lover. The comedy is worth seeing for the sake of Mr. McKinnell's acting, but, to be frank, for little else.

Science.

THE PROTECTION OF SCIENCE BY PATENT.

AMONG the many faults of administration which still remain in the British Empire perhaps the most serious one lies in the attitude of the State towards scientific work, and indeed towards all the higher forms of intellectual effort. Science has now become the premier industry of the world, governing, fertilizing, and directing nearly all the other industries, from the prevention and cure of the great diseases which prematurely destroy millions of human beings, to the construction of battle-ships, and even to the correction of super-rational philosophers. Literature, art, and music, are the supreme educators of the public to a far higher degree than are our schoolmasters; while exploration and invention guide or assist the steps of civilization in other directions. Yet what does the British State do for these lines of effort? As regards science, it is probably more unwise and niggardly than any other civilized nation. It gives £4,000 a year to the Royal Society to be doled out in small portions for separate researches, and another £1,000 a year for publications. It gives additional small sums to several institutions which deal more or less with scientific investigations; and the Board of Education contributes certain grants to universities, which, however, are employed much more for teaching than for researches—at least of importance. Recently the British Colonies have contributed a certain sum to the study of tropical disease, but I compute that this amounts only to about one-eighth of what has been given for the

same purpose by private contributors. Still more recently a large annual sum has been wisely laid down in connection with the Insurance Act for medical research, but it remains to be seen whether this will fructify, more especially as the main condition for successful scientific work has not received sufficient attention in the programme. Apart from State assistance, most scientific work is done upon small voluntary contributions; though much more money is forthcoming for teaching and hospital practice than for the foundations upon which both are now built.

The total sum given is quite insufficient to keep Britain in the forefront of the nations which contribute to the world's progress; and, as a matter of fact, the more difficult investigations are really done at the expense of the workers themselves, whose wretched salaries are little better than a pretence. Now, the first condition for successful investigation is that the very highest minds should be employed upon it. Much petty science, such as the mere recording of small observations, is always possible; but high science consists of the solution of difficult problems—which is altogether another matter. Such solutions can usually be obtained only by the entire devotion of extremely efficient intellects; and it is just this kind of effort which is paralyzed by the present system. Young men of capacity observe (and observe more easily the more capable they are) that the most successful scientific work leads to much smaller remuneration than does professional work even of a second-rate quality, and are therefore soon driven from the field of highest effort. A volume would be required to tell the hateful stories which have occurred in this line; and besides the mere utilitarian aspect of the subject, there is that of national ingratitude towards benefactors. We should compare with these stories what the State does for inferior lines of work. I am not a politician; but, personally, I think that the House of Commons is directly to blame for the abuses referred to. It is constantly interfering (and quite rightly so) with the distribution of wealth, but seems to think that the only way of doing this is to take money from the industrious and to give it to the others, or else to allow all kinds of pretenders to wax rich at the expense of their neighbors. Thus the Registration Acts allow the patenting of innumerable worthless articles, many of which, however, bring in fabulous incomes to the patentees—while, on the other hand, a scientific man who has conferred a benefit upon the whole world is unable to get anything for it in return. We give over fifteen millions for low-class education, and almost nothing for the highest class. Recently, the House of Commons has awarded itself over a quarter of a million pounds a year out of revenues (perhaps quite rightly); but does the nation profit as much from this expenditure as it would if the same sum were devoted to scientific work? I doubt it. Innumerable other examples might be cited. To put it briefly, the State does not reward world-service so well as self-service and time-service.

Personally, therefore, I think that the time has arrived when some effort should really be made to rectify these abuses, not only in the scientific line, but in that of the other kinds of work referred to above. Apparently, two lines can be taken. One is for the State to establish a fund for the purpose of paying for benefits received from private workers, and the other is to attempt to extend the patent law to scientific discovery. We may remember that before the Patent Acts and Copyright Acts were passed, inventors and writers were kept in precisely the same condition as men of science now find themselves in—that is, a state of dependence upon institutions and persons who "run them." Recently, therefore, I approached an expert on patent law in order to ascertain whether that law could not easily be extended to cover scientific discovery, and I have published a full article by him in the current number of "Science Progress." The result is interesting. He thinks that such an extension can easily be made, chiefly by allowing the publication of a scientific discovery to stand as a "Provisional Patent," protecting against the use of that discovery for any kind of trade purpose. At present this is not possible. Take, for example, the case of a

man who discovers some method of cure or prevention of disease—such as some of the prophylactic or curative vaccines and sera now on the market. Now, the utility of such can only be established after full details of the manufacture have been published for trial by medical men; but this, by the existing law, automatically prevents the discoverer from ever patenting his invention, though it does not prevent any institution, pharmacist, or other person from making a fortune off the discovery merely by registering it under some fanciful name. In one famous case, a man of science (not in the medical profession) invented a vaccine which has been of immense service to the world against one of the deadliest epidemic diseases. If he had patented it, he would by now have made an enormous fortune. He did not patent it, and the only thanks which he received for his work was an underhand attempt to ruin him. Of course, all medical inventions of this kind are quite correctly subject to certain professional rules, which are designed to protect the world against imposture; but, unfortunately, the rules are at present so inadequately framed that they do not protect the world against imposture, but only protect it against having to pay the benefactor who has made the discovery. In other lines of science, the proposed amendment of the patent law would certainly be of great service. Nor would it interfere in any way with future discoveries, which, indeed, it would greatly benefit by transferring the profits from the pockets of outsiders into those of the men who have done the work.

The article referred to gives full details of the scheme; but, nevertheless, it is suggested merely as a tentative one. For many reasons, I think that a better procedure would be the establishment of a national fund to pay for all kinds of work which are of profit to the nation or the world without being of profit to the worker. It appears to me that the present attitude of the State towards such workers is distinctly dishonorable—besides being opposed to the interests of the people. What the British nation now does is, not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, but to starve her—and the result is much the same.

RONALD ROSS.

Letters to the Editor.

THE "WINNING" OF ULSTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Sir Edward Carson's reproach that no attempt had been made to win over "Ulster" to acceptance of Home Rule, was the one passage in his speech on the amendment to the Address most full of hope and promise. Perhaps also it awakened some regrets. If it did so, its promise will be fulfilled. To a Nationalist living in daily intimacy with Unionist opponents it conveyed the clearest exposition of anti-Home Rule fears that has been attempted by any Unionist speaker except Mr. Featherstone. Exposing the foundation of fears, it affords to all men of good will ample opportunity of finding means to allay suspicion and win confidence for the Irish administration. I am sorry that Sir Edward Carson does not speak out in plain terms, for in the matter of his reproach he has much right on his side, which is for the time being, the side not of "Ulster" but the side of all responsible Irishmen of all shades of political opinion. In plain terms, Sir Edward means that the methods of Irish administration for the past eight years have not tended to impress the Unionist community with any belief in future fair play, while during those years there has been ample opportunity of demonstrating that under a Government influenced by Nationalist opinion no man would suffer disability for conscience' sake. I have no desire to frame the obvious retort. It is no excuse for wrong-doing that it is now practised upon its own inventors. We Irishmen denounced it when it was (as perforce it had to be) the policy of Unionism, and that denunciation should never have ceased. Without the spoils system the Union could never have been carried and could never have been maintained. The continuance of that system under an

administration dependent on Nationalist support, has been of no advantage to Nationalists or to the Nationalist cause, has been a grave injury to the public service, and has been the most potent factor in organizing and consolidating the opposition to Home Rule. If, in truth, the position of the Unionists in Ireland at the present time would be stereotyped for ever by the Government of Ireland Bill, they certainly would have the same right that the Nationalists of Ireland have to resist Unionism as we have experienced it, and no one of us has ever hesitated to say that this right includes the right to resist such oppression by force of arms, if such a policy offered a fair prospect of success. Jobbery is persecution for conscience' sake. A man's convictions as to what is right or wrong in public affairs should be—and thank God among the ranks of Irishmen it is—as much a matter of conscientious belief as is his theological creed. To deny a fair field for advancement to the competent and honest man who is unable to subscribe to the tenets of the dominant politician, is to penalize conscience. When to this is added the advancement of the incompetent or unscrupulous man who (perhaps dishonestly) professes to believe that the dominant politician is incapable of error or mistake—the honor of public life is tainted, and the administration of public affairs is corrupted and degraded. It will be noted that the "Ulster" party in Parliament have never attacked the spoils system.

As long as there is the smallest chance of defeating Home Rule, they dare not attack it. If it were once abolished, it could never be restored, and no substitute could be found to ensure Unionist cohesion. On the other hand, the Nationalist Party stands pledged—as it always has been pledged—to establish fair play once we get Home Rule. Sir Edward Carson does not believe in that pledge. There is, perhaps, something human in disbelief of promises of moral reformation to be commenced at a future date. The eight years that have passed have not made reformation easier, and one must have some sympathy with the view that no statute will secure fair play in a community where fair play is not voluntarily practised. If it is never too late to mend, it is never too soon to begin the mending. There must still elapse a considerable time before the Irish Parliament meets. The Government would have the cordial assent of all Nationalists if in that interval it was made clear that no honest opponent of Home Rule would suffer the slightest disability in any walk of life by reason of his political faith. By no other means can old barriers be broken down. Payment of friends and penalization of foes is the basic principle of ascendancy and faction. To sanction such a state of affairs in perpetuity by establishing within the shores of Ireland two tyrannies for its maintenance, would be an outrage that every honest Irishman should resent. To yield one inch to the claim that Orangemen are such superior beings that it is an insult to ask them to co-operate with Nationalists on a basis of equality would be to set up in one corner of the country an oppressive ascendancy, whose methods would provoke retaliation and imitation in the capital assembly. Honest men on both sides desire no more than equal rights, and, on both sides, very properly are determined they will accept no less. If during the next twelve months a generous effort was made to let "Ulster" feel that for her men of genius, as for those of Nationalist Ireland, there was in the service of their country a career open to talent on terms of equality, not only in name, but in fact, I believe that Ulster would be won over to recognition of her interests in a self-governed Irish Ireland.

At present, the Unionist is in Ireland an outlaw as truly as a Nationalist was outlawed by the Balfour régime. He sees his talented compatriots belittled and their careers blighted. He sees their inferiors who have made themselves offensive to the Ulster community rewarded for that offensiveness by unmerited advancement in the public service. Above all else, he is threatened with the institution of a Tammany administration of the law. It is inconceivable that the position of the Ulster Party could be as bad under Home Rule as it is now. They are willing to bear with their present state of subjection, because it preserves a system by which they hope to profit on the turn of the political tide; but if the tide is never to turn, any fate would be better than the perpetuation of their slavery. So we Nationalists have often said as we labored in like case. If the Prime

Minister undertakes the responsibility of making the first advances in proposing statutory schemes and phrases to calm the Unionist alarm, he surely might take the initiative in action that would be more persuasive than words. Start giving these people fair play now. Give the new Irish Government a fair chance of success by putting all Irishmen on equal terms at once, and by giving all equal opportunity on their merits. In other words, put an end to Unionism in Ireland. When this is done we will have an opportunity of convincing our present opponents of our good faith. Unless and until mutual confidence can be secured, we are doomed to trouble, and must go through with it.

The disturbances that Captain Craig calls civil war are infinitely preferable to allowing any faction to maintain itself apart from the rest of the Irish people. The best of Irishmen—Catholic and Protestant—are to be found in the northern province. Their very antagonism has kept them at their best. Home Rule without these men must be rejected as a condemnation to eternal warfare. If needs be, we must submit to the misfortune of our Irish Parliament of belligerent extremists, elected in the turmoil and confusion of threatened rebellion, to suppress forcibly the anti-Irish faction. We would eventually arrive at true and universal self-government even this way.

I do, however, believe that, if the policy of political jobbery were now renounced, we could convince Ulster of Nationalist good faith, and, regardless of the conversations or the silence of English politicians, we would find Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond working together to secure a Ministry of responsible men to carry on the Government of New Ireland through the difficulties and dangers that must beset the nation in her first steps along the unaccustomed path of liberty.—Yours, &c.,

A. M. SULLIVAN.

Athlone House, Dublin, February 16th, 1914.

THE PRICE OF PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The promised disclosure by the Premier of the basis of the compromise which is to be offered as "the price of peace" is anxiously awaited in Ireland. We trust that whatever form the proposals take they will not suggest any interference with, or infringement of, the present integrity of the nation; that there will be no even temporary severance of the Ulster province, or any part of the province, from the rest of the country. Such a severance would be an injury, an insult, and a source of irritation to the national spirit. Every reasonable concession that within those limits can be made we do not object to, although we may consider them in themselves unnecessary and intrinsically unjustifiable. Still, in order that all creeds and classes may now unite in the common work for the common good, we would go a long way to appease any apprehension. But no minority can surely expect by mere menaces to secure rights and to possess privileges that are not theirs as such. No sensible body can expect that concessions should be made that are recognized in no ordinary political arrangements. Ulster is not, as the secessionist section says it is, homogeneous, nor is any considerable part of it so. Catholic and Protestant, Unionist and Nationalist, are all intermixed and intermingled; and while in one particular place one creed may happen to predominate numerically, the reverse occurs in the adjoining parish. In the southern parts, no non-Catholic suffers any disability because of his religion, and there has not been a case of disability or of undue preference of a Catholic authenticated; while in the northern parts, where non-Catholics are in the majority on public boards, a very narrow exclusiveness is found to prevail. Intolerant themselves, the Ulster non-Catholics dread intolerance in others; but a vague fear of such intolerance is surely not a sufficient reason for securing exceptional privileges at the expense of the integrity of the country. Ireland is not to become a province because of a predilection.

It is to be hoped that the proffered concessions of the Government will be accepted and received as satisfactory, and that the spirit of conciliation will prevail, so that the question that has so long distracted British politics may at last be removed by the setting up in Ireland of a well-ordered Government, representative of all interests, creeds,

and classes, regardful of all interests, and guided by the sole desire to work out the common good, and thereby making a hitherto discontented part of the Empire a contented and prosperous part of it.

Nationalists, to secure that union of Irishmen, are prepared to make many and great concessions, and surely it is not unreasonable to expect on the other side a similar spirit of concession and conciliation. Any and every compromise must necessarily involve a certain amount of give and take on both sides, and in this closing Home Rule controversy it may be fairly hoped that the Orange section of the northern population will surrender a little of their present extravagant pretensions and outlandish claims, and in the spirit of the King's Speech and the Premier's statesmanlike declaration, be prepared to meet their fellow-countrymen half-way. By so doing, they will help to bring about a speedy and satisfactory settlement of a matter which the wisest amongst them must in their hearts recognize as inevitable. Home Rule may be delayed by the tactics of terrorism; it cannot be defeated; and the lessons of the past show us at any rate that delays are costly and clumsy expedients, and never, in the end, lead to anything but more bitterness and friction.

Belfast is a centre of industrial activity, of whose progress and prominence all Ireland is justly proud; but Belfast is largely helped by the southern gold deposited in the thirty or forty northern banks, whose branches are scattered all over the rest of Ireland, and Belfast merchants know that if their trade were confined to the city and district around, it would suffer appreciably. There is a growing commercial business done in the South and West by Belfast merchants, and, in fact, the northern capital is a formidable rival to Dublin in that respect. Does any Belfast merchant imagine that a contented and prospering South will cease to be as profitable a customer under the new régime, or that anything but his own isolation can keep his present expanding trade from still further growing? The significant statistics published by the "Economist" last week, showing the marvellous advance of all northern stock and the extraordinary rise that there has been in them and in all Irish securities, prove conclusively that the wise men of Ulster do not dread nor anticipate civil war or any commotion, else the financial barometer would at once set the other way.

This is but one of many passing proofs that, while there is a good deal of wild talk about civil war, all the talk never means to be more than talk, and is never destined to be translated into action. Riots there may be, and they need at any time little provocation; but actual war, armed resistance to authority, is simply, in the condition of the country and from the character of the people and their environment, a most unlikely occurrence. Still, to avoid these riots and disturbances, to have harmony and quiet, the Government, and the vast majority of the Irish people behind the Government, are willing to make many and great sacrifices, to surrender much; but, as Mr. Redmond stated, these sacrifices are to be made as the price of peace, and are not to be used as means for still further exactions and to perpetuate existing discontent and opposition.—Yours, &c.,

45, Wellington Road, Dublin.
February 19th, 1914.

R. J. KELLY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I should like very much to learn by what argument the exclusion of Ulster, or part of Ulster, could be, as a matter of right, refused. Home Rule has now been before the country for nearly thirty years, and I make bold to say that in all the thousands of Home Rule speeches and articles no one has even attempted to show on what logical ground the self-government which is claimed as a right for the rest of Ireland can be denied to Ulster. The substantial truth of my statement would not be affected if you could point out some utterance of yourself or some other person that I had overlooked. I am sure you will admit that your argument against exclusion in this week's issue does not attempt to take up my challenge on the point of right. A more anti-Home Rule dictum than "the position of Ulster seems to us to be essentially a question for Ireland herself" it would be difficult to conceive.

To the question of right, mere administrative convenience is secondary. If the present Bill cannot be easily adapted to the Ulsterman's right, surely the Ulsterman's answer is obvious. *Tu l'as voulu*. But, as a matter of fact, it is very difficult to believe that exclusion—that is, drawing the frontier at one point rather than at another—involves greater complications than a drastic reconstruction of the Bill to give Ulster, in some form, a special and privileged position inside the Bill which everyone seems disposed to concede her.

What are the motives on which Ulster's seemingly so incontestable claim, that she, too, should have the government she desires, is denied? I am bound to say I do not know; but I cannot in all charity conceive a legitimate one; for, I suppose, you will scarcely contend that the financial motive, the desire to make Ulster contribute to a government she detests, is legitimate. It would be a curious rider on the self-government idea that a poor area desiring self-government has a right to force into its system a rich neighbor as an unwilling financial contributor.

I may add that, if exclusion be following colonial federation precedents, accompanied by provision for an optional entry on Ulster's part later on, a most valuable motive is furnished to a Home Rule Government. Such a policy seems, in every respect, superior to the suggestion of provisional inclusion with, later on, optional exclusion. Such a plan, as compared with the other, seems to have little to recommend it.

Anyway, you have my challenge, and though, of course, you are not bound to print my letter, it is a challenge which Home Rulers cannot possibly evade. If exclusion is not to be granted, Home Rulers will have to say, Why not?—Yours, &c.,

A. A. MITCHELL.

7, Huntly Gardens, Glasgow.

February 17th, 1914.

RIGHT OF SEARCH AND RIGHT OF CAPTURE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Let me thank Sir Cyprian Bridge for his very courteous reply. If I intrude once more upon your space, it is not, however, in hopes of convincing him that an enemy loses much more by respecting private property on land (especially the money in banks) than he would lose by respecting private property by sea. But one thing I do want to say, and that is that no Englishman has a right to complain at increased naval expenditure due to the existence and increase of a German fleet, so long as England refuses to recognize the inviolability of private property by sea, and maintains the right of searching neutral ships, and that of judging their case in prize-courts exclusively composed of British subjects; for so long as this régime continues, Germany is obliged to defend her interests by increasing her navy.—Yours, &c.,

LUJO BRENTANO.

(Professor at the University of Munich.)

February 15th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—From the last paragraph of Admiral Bridge's letter it would appear that, in order to "see the necessity of strenuously advocating retention of the right of capture as being one of the surest methods of preserving the peace of the world," the following qualifications are required:—

- (a) You must be an Englishman.
- (b) Possess a powerful intellect.
- (c) A wide outlook on public affairs.

It is unfortunate that, in a matter requiring international consideration, these requirements exclude all Germans and most Englishmen.

In a previous letter I drew attention to Admiral Bridge's assertion that the "so-called right of capture concerns the interests of belligerents only," and asked how that doctrine squared with facts like the destruction of the "Oldhamia," both ship and cargo being neutrally owned. As no reply is forthcoming, might I appeal to you, sir, to seek out amongst your friends an Englishman of powerful intellect, wide outlook, and no modesty (Mr. Bernard Shaw being an Irishman is, unfortunately, disqualified) who will explain this difficulty to your readers?

I would like to ask, also, whether those who insist on the humanity of capture do not overlook the terrible economic disaster which must necessarily follow in its train? Any serious interference with the oversea trade of the world would probably entail far more suffering on non-combatants, of both sexes and all ages, than upon the combatants themselves.—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. WRIGHT.

Lloyd's, February 16th, 1914.

THE SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I enclose an extract from a letter received by me, a student of this college, from an Oxford graduate resident in Johannesburg, describing the state of affairs created by the recent strike in South Africa, and the Government's action thereon. The date of the letter is January 28th. The events related as to the cause of the strike and the methods of the Government are so important that I venture to submit the letter to you for publication, and trust you will be able to do so.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. HORSLEY (B.A., Oxon).

Manchester College, Oxford.

February 17th, 1914.

"I don't intend writing much about the strike which is just over. This much I would tell you, though: Remember that the stream of information which reaches England is tainted at its springhead. The Press here is the instrument and property of the mineowners or the Government. The way the strikers are presented in their sheets makes one realize how a powerful plutocracy is placed almost beyond the range of criticism and attack when it can pay journalists and such like clever brains to urge their cause, miscolor the deeds and sayings and motives of those whom they oppress, and cunningly spread a haze of untruth about things in general. Our English Press is bad enough; but it has a white record as compared with the South African, which is the mineowners' property, stock, lock, and barrel. It makes one's heart sink to see the dirty game played by the Press here. The one or two newspapers which put the democratic or Labor side are too poor in money to be of much avail as a counter-force. This martial law was a piece of pure bluff, utterly uncalled for, and nothing more than an attempt of a nakedly capitalistic or plutocratic Government to crush out all sparks of labor opposition. The talk of dynamite outrage is equally a bluff. Have you ever heard of that sinister figure and creature of Russian despotism, the 'agent provocateur'? There are many sober anti-laborites here who believe that this Government has been studying those methods. They have faked up a couple of court-martial trials, in which even the military had as a rule to let go the Government's prey, the purpose being to give color and excuse for this brutal martial law.

"Do you know, they sentenced under this martial law one man to a fine of £5, or three weeks' imprisonment, for 'laughing at' the uncouth Burghers, another to £3 or a fortnight, for 'looking at the police with a sneering expression'? It seems unbelievable, but there it is, in black and white, for all men to read. And this is a sample of many of the charges that have been rife here under this pretty invention of the mountebank strong man, Smuts. The whole thing has kept one in suspense between a tear and a laugh. They arrested many of the leaders without trial, and imprisoned them for three weeks without trial and without allowing even a lawyer any access to them, whether by letter or otherwise. The game, of course, is clear, but the workmen did not play into the trap. Smuts—for Botha is under his thumb—wanted to provoke the men into acts of indignation, which would give him the excuse before the world for shooting them down. And this reminds me of the massacre of last July. They had the usual whitewashing Commission, of course, but it goes without denial that the Government initiated the bloodshed. They stopped a public meeting of orderly citizens ventilating a just grievance, and without any real notice, and they began hostilities. All the verbiage in the world has not hidden this fact of the Government wilfully interfering with the workmen and shooting them. The ordinary free man, when he is kicked without reason, hits back as a rule. There was a tremendous meeting a few Sundays back. The Government wavered as to whether it should interfere or not. It stayed its hand, and no policemen were in sight, and not the shadow of a disorderly incident or speech occurred. It is a piece of history worth digesting, is this.

"The procedure on which the Government arrested and imprisoned without pretext or cause or trial was an ordinance dating from the war period, and was a necessary measure in times of war. But all these forgotten regulations of military origin were raked up by the Government to smash up people who protested against its tricks. They wanted to incite the working men, as Cresswell saw, and, therefore, have some pretext before the world for crushing them by fire and shot. As for the railwaymen, I remember well, and so does everybody else, how Burton, the Minister of Railways, declared solemnly that there was to be no retrenchment. And after all that, they arranged to sack five hundred, and then were ready to take them back at a much reduced wage. No wonder the railwaymen struck. They had another instance of the Government's habit of lying in the bare-faced manner of a street-arab. After the murders of last July they promised compensation to the dependants of the victims, and other things. Of all their promises to the working men they kept one—and that, to use a bull, was made to the employers; they gave

huge sums to the scabs and blacklegs whom the mine-owners had engaged. That the miners should feel betrayed and duped is only natural and justified. Again, when they appointed a Commission to inquire into the admitted grievances of the railwaymen, they used all means, foul and fair, to stop them from having their real representative, Poutama, on it, though they trumpeted their intention of giving the men a voice in the Commission. You can perhaps understand the feeling here against this bungling Government, which is supported by the mineowners, on the one hand, and the ignorant, anti-British, and half-Kaffirised Boer of the back veldt, on the other.

"But enough of all this commotion. I did not intend to write all this about it, but one fears so much the lies that are exported hence to England, and the Press censorship here, though nominally relaxed, is so stringent in reality that, *indignatio facit verum*, you know, and you must forgive me for having the air of a newspaper correspondent. I have a sort of presentiment that South Africa is the starting-point of the capitalistic reaction for higher profits, and the capitalists here have the power and the wit, in some uncanny way, to infect English public opinion, so I am writing this to let you see into some of the manoeuvres that have been practised here."

THE NEW CURE FOR STRIKES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You do well to warn us that the events in South Africa are likely to have a profound influence on industrial disputes in England. But I doubt whether the full significance of these events is understood here. They seem to me to prove that war within a nation is as productive of evil, and as little capable of producing good, as war between nations. But you have a correspondent urging that their moral is to wage unrelenting warfare against capitalism; and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in a recently published book, dwells on the fact that trade unions think they have secured their chief gains through the agency of strikes, and declares that they are not going to give up the use of so valuable a weapon.

Now, strikes, as usually conducted, are a form of warfare. They go far beyond collective bargaining; and "peaceful persuasion" has become a byword for scorn. The strikers exercise their full powers—at any rate, all the powers they dare use—to prevent their places being taken by other workers, and a demand for reinstatement is a first claim in arranging terms of settlement. This is warfare. Imagine two partners in a commercial firm resorting to such means to settle a dispute. Imagine two dealers in any wholesale market abandoning their accustomed methods of bargaining and adopting those of strikers. It would be a change from peace to war. Nor have strikers any reluctance to call their methods war; but they wish it to be war on one side only, even when they attack the rights and the good of the public. When the Government employ armed police or soldiers to keep the peace, this is called taking the side of the capitalist. Order is kept so long as there is no attempt to fill the places the strikers have left; but bitter resentment is aroused and deeds of violence quickly follow when others are found willing to fill these places, and the State intervenes to protect them in so doing. This matter assumes enormous importance when a strike is on a scale sufficiently large to affect seriously the interests, and even the existence, of society, as in the case of a general railway or coal strike.

Now, South Africa is significant in showing that this one-sided warfare will not be tolerated when the situation becomes serious. The special features at Johannesburg included a quarter of a million of colored laborers, who could not be fed without the railway. So the burghers were called out, martial law was proclaimed, and if the strike had not collapsed, no doubt all provisions would have been commandeered, and the strikers starved first. Anyhow, the balance of force was on the side of the State, and anything it chose to do can be legalized by an Act of Indemnity, passed by the party in power.

In England the situation is not essentially dissimilar. A general strike of colliers or railwaymen would mean starvation in the great cities, and before the State allowed that we should have martial law; and warfare on one side would be met by warfare on the other side, and the strongest side would win and pass an Act of Indemnity. Can labor hope to do any good to its cause by warfare if acts of war are no longer confined to its own side? Even if matters do not proceed to their logical extremities, who are the real sufferers in such warfare as does take place? Who suffered

most in the coal strike? The poor and the weak. In the railway strike, who suffered most? The poor and the weak. In this recent strike of the London coal porters, every account showed who were the real sufferers. A big wagon or a motor-trolley could get through, but the small truck sent by the poor was hustled and robbed. No doubt, by inflicting a great deal of suffering on the poor and weak, the strikers can succeed in inflicting a little loss on the capitalists, a loss which the capitalists can generally recover from the public. But warfare seldom brings any substantial gain for strikers unless it is one-sided, and the lesson of South Africa is that, when it is waged on a large scale, it will not remain one-sided. The Government will strain points as well as picketers, and will do it with the comfortable assurance that they have a majority to pass an Act of Indemnity.

All I have said is entirely independent of the goodness or otherwise of any cause. To discuss this would open too large a subject now. But let me say this: Whenever the object of a proposed strike is good, there are other means by which that object may be attained. Collective bargaining, courteously conducted, is a most effective influence. Legislation establishing a minimum wage and other conditions of employment places the power of the whole State at the back of the worker. All movements for social reform seek to ameliorate the lives of the poorer and weaker classes. Much has been done in this direction, and what mainly hinders more being done is the militant action of the striker. Cannot the rank and file of the trade unions see this as well as their leaders? They could exercise enormous influence if they would confine their action to such as might legitimately be taken by a partner in a firm or by each of two dealers in a wholesale market. By stepping over the line which transforms the exercise of such influence into an act of war they only weaken their force, and the larger their sphere of operations, the more certain their defeat. Again, if they would throw the whole weight of their numbers into the cause of Liberal legislation—not necessarily giving up their labor organization, but working as trustworthy allies—we should soon make advances which are now very difficult to achieve. We should nationalize the coal and the railways, and regulate by law the conditions under which land is held and industry is carried on, and do many things which are part of the Liberal programme, but which are very hard to do with labor in a militant temper. The best cure for strikes would be to remove all cause for wishing to strike. We have just heard that the Ford Company of America is distributing £2,000,000 among its workpeople—the equivalent to a 50 per cent. rise in their wages. That was not won by warfare.—Yours, &c.,

H. SHAEN SOLLY.

Parkstone, February 16th, 1914.

COMMON SENSE AND MORAL SENSE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Referring to the friendly and interesting, while on some points dissenting, review of my small book, "Common Sense," which appeared in your issue of January 31st, the question whether common sense should or should not be understood to include moral sensibility is, in form at least, a question of definition. Mere definitions may not seem important to common sense as such, but they are certainly of primary importance in critical discussion, whether relating to common sense or to other matters. The perennial difficulties by which the philosophic thinker is faced are (1) to define terms which are popular rather than scientific with some degree of scientific precision; and (2) to make the meanings approximate to current popular usage, so far as that yields anything like a consistent average significance. The latter problem demands what might well be called "literary common sense," but could not be called common sense if the phrase were unqualified. Similarly, we might speak of "moral common sense," though "common sense," unqualified, does not, to my mind, imply any high degree of moral sensibility. I think it preferable, in these cases, to speak simply of "literary sense" and "moral sense," understanding that, as in the case of "common sense," the word "sense" implies a tendency to form and act upon sound instinctive judgment, though it does not necessarily preclude all logical deliberation.

It is to be hoped (and will, I think, be conceded) that moral sense is a much commoner possession of mankind than literary sense; but it is very questionable whether it is equally common with common sense of the physical and prudential order; and, even if it be, it appears to involve a different set of judgments. Numerous criminal actions are carried through successfully by the exercise of common sense, which, in these cases, evidently does not involve moral sense. On the other hand, if a person does some obviously foolish thing, we naturally accuse him of being deficient in common sense; but, supposing his action to have been "well-meaning"—as many very foolish actions are—there was no breach of morality involved. And yet, again, when someone has acted very bravely or generously, our moral sense approves the practical outcome of his moral sense, but we do not attribute his action to his common sense, nor is our own sentiment of approval dictated by the simple common sense.

The whole argument of my book hinges, as your reviewer recognizes, on the radical distinction between common sense and discursive or literary and scientific culture. Common sense is not common opinion, but a mental process underlying certain common opinions, and also dictating many judgments which are not common at all, but suited to unique situations in the life of the individual. I hold that common sense is common to all sane persons, while naturally varying in the degree of its development, because all have fundamentally similar sense-organs and brains, involving similar sensations and similar habits of associating sensations and memorized ideas of sensation, and referring them to the individual things and persons forming the environment for each of us. Of those things and persons we form mental images and intuitive judgments—an order of thoughts largely independent of language, and in which many peculiarities ignored by the logical concept are present. This mental imagery is, however, the necessary foundation of logical thought, as also of belief in the physical world. Physical common sense, which is allied to (though it may fall short of) what is called *skill* in particular sports and manual industries has as its counterpart in the social sphere social common sense, which is allied to (though, again, it may fall short of) what is known as *proficiency* in business, law, politics, and other practical professions. Since life in human society is inseparably bound up with the use of language, social common sense involves some ability to express ourselves clearly and adapt our conversation appropriately to persons and occasions; but it does not look beyond the narrow sphere in which our individual lives are passed. It does not make conscious use of general and abstract ideas; does not attempt to arrive at scientific, historical, or moral truth.

As I point out in "Common Sense," pp. 41 and 51, there is certainly an analogy between common sense and moral sense (or conscience, as I there call it), and I maintain that while the two sorts of "sense" are fundamental to science and morals respectively, the one needs to be supplemented by intellectual and the other by ethical culture, both of which involve general ideas and statements of abstract truth. There is here, however, a significant difference between the two cases. While the man of much common sense may do without science and culture, and may fancy (though I think he would be wrong in fancying) that science and culture can be of no use to him, the person with a strong moral sense feels impelled to accept, or formulate, or strive to attain, moral truths which he believes to be universally valid, fitting for his own life and for the lives of all human beings as they should be lived. No matter whether he believes himself to have found divine guidance in some form of traditional religious belief, or emulates Socrates, the great father of moral philosophy, in a systematic search for the highest good, or finds inspiration in the ideal of the human community as it should, and may, and perhaps will be, coupled with a recognition of the victories over natural obstacles and moral iniquities which human reason and goodwill have actually won, he always seeks to unite the ideal of moral excellence with the attaining and obeying of moral truth. I do not deny that certain people may lead amiable and outwardly blameless lives, without having any definitely formulated moral convictions; but such people—if such there be—are passive links in the life of humanity, indebted for their virtues to heredity and outward circum-

stance alone, and it is rather those who are subject to powerful and conflicting passions, which they feel sore need to control, in whom a strong moral sense arises and demands the corroboration of moral conviction.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES E. HOOPER.

February 17th, 1914.

"THE ISLES OF GREECE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Boundary Commission has unanimously adopted the equitable British proposals for the drawing of the southern frontier, and the new Albania is no longer in danger of losing the wealthy and civilized districts of Coritsa and Argyrocastro, which are essential to her economic and cultural development. It remains to be seen how much pressure will be required to induce the Greeks to withdraw their army from these regions; but a unanimous Concert is irresistible if even one Power has an interest in showing resolution. Whatever else one may say of Italy, one cannot doubt her determined egoism in this Albanian question. Here all goes well. "The more we see of the inability of any Balkan race to govern another, the more we are convinced that the principle of nationality, so far from being the dogma of ideologues, is the only practical rule by which peace can be kept and oppression avoided."

I have been more and more struck, with each number of THE NATION by your extraordinary prejudice against the Greeks, and after reading an article on "The Isles of Greece," from which I have taken the above quotations, I cannot resist writing to you, for if you agree with both these quotations, your policy on the Epirote question condemns itself.

It is perhaps, excusable for a statesman to know nothing of the questions with which he is forced to deal; it is perhaps excusable that such men should sit in their offices and make pretty maps, drawing frontier lines as it pleases them, regardless of the populations of whom they are disposing, but it is not excusable that a journalist of any standing should be entirely ignorant of the subject on which he writes, or that he should glibly dispose of the fate and lives of thousands of people, without having the most elementary conception of what these people are, or of what these people want.

I wish that you and the writer of the article on "The Isles of Greece" could have been with me lately from Janina to Liaskoyiki, from Janina to Argyrocastro, and from Argyrocastro to Santi Quaranta. Perhaps if in each village you passed you had seen the men and boys enrolled in sacred bands; if all along the roads you had seen the deputations of frantic men and women all waving Greek flags, and shouting themselves hoarse with "Union or Death"; if you had seen the forty villages between Argyrocastro and Santi Quaranta burnt and devastated in December, 1912, by Albanian bands; if you had seen the women and children from these villages who work at unloading the ships for a few pennies a day at Santi Quaranta; if you had heard what those women have to say of the horrors they have suffered from Albanian bands, then perhaps the author of the article would no longer be so complacently assured of the "equitableness" of the British proposals, nor of the fact that "all goes well in Epirus."

Has the author who writes of the "wealthy and civilized districts of Coritsa and Argyrocastro" for one moment considered who it is that have made those districts wealthy and civilized? Could he tell me where in Albania Albanians have brought wealth and civilization to their country? As everyone with the least knowledge of the question knows, it is the Greeks of the districts of Coritsa and Argyrocastro who, by their voluntary exile and hard work in other countries, have on their return brought wealth and civilization to their birthplaces. And I have yet to learn that it tallies with ideas of Liberalism that districts by the mere fact of their wealth and civilization should be seized and handed over to a nation to whom they do not belong.

Ask any Epirote from these districts whether they are Greek, and hear what they say. To people who live in Greece and who know that of all Greeks it is these Epirotes who are the most fanatically patriotic, there is something

contemptible in the attitude of so-called Liberals who propose to hand over these ardent patriots, *theoretically* to a to a non-existent Albanian Government, *practically* to the mercy of Albanian bands—bands who at this moment are waiting over the border, ready to swoop down and devastate the Greek villages as soon as the Greek troops leave. And if these Epirotes should ask what security is offered them against the attacks of these bands, if they should ask what and where is the Albanian Government which is going to protect their lives and their possessions, if they should ask what are the Albanian laws that will safeguard them—what will your answer be? Will you tell them that Italy's "determined egotism" will sufficiently protect them? And when they affirm their conviction that there is no way of defending their lives and their homes, save by fighting, what will you say to them? These people, knowing only too well what they have suffered in the past, and knowing, alas! better than any statesman or journalist, what they have to face in the future once the Greek authorities evacuate these districts are all prepared to fight to the last man and woman. "Ah! Kyrio," one of the women at Santi Quaranta said to me, "if you had seen what we have seen, and suffered only a quarter of what we have suffered, you would fight, too, until not a drop of blood was left in your body." And you and others who have helped to make easier the doing of this most iniquitous injustice in Epirus, will have the blood and the suffering of these people on your consciences.—Yours, &c.

IUNE NOEL.

Achmetaga, Eubœa, January 25th, 1914.

[Two members of THE NATION staff know Coritsa and the district well, and one of them visited it last summer. It is by race a purely Albanian region, and Albania is the mother-tongue of Christians and Moslems alike. Of the Christian population (a minority in the whole country) a large part is undoubtedly Philhellenic, and would prefer Greek to Albanian rule, but in such cases the Powers must clearly be guided by the views and affinities of the majority. Both Greek and Albanian bands have committed excesses. Let us hope that the Dutch officers who now command the Albanian forces will be able to check them.—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

DEATH IN LIFE.

HERE, by the lifeless wall,
Two souls immortal met;
The sun marched over all,
We cared not when he set;
Love in two souls aflame
Joined flame and flame as one;
— The wall is much the same,
And there's the marching sun.

Quick movements of her dress,
With breathings out and in;
Eyes closed for lovingness,
The touch of skin on skin—
Oh, the first touch, the first
Touch of dear passion's will!
— And of all griefs the worst
Is that we're living still.

Long before living ends,
Alone or on the street
We are like meeting friends,
And happy not to meet;
But that so dear a thing
Should rot before we die
— O Death, here is thy sting!
Here, Grave, thy victory!

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Cavour and the Making of Modern Italy." By Pietro Orsi. (Putnam. 5s. net.)
- "The Golden Age of Prince Henry the Navigator." By J. P. Oliveira Martins. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph." By Francis Gribble. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Romance of Fraud." By Tighe Hopkins. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Modern Mexico." By R. J. MacHugh. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Russia of the Russians." By H. W. Williams. (Pitman. 6s.)
- "Rambles in Rome." By G. E. Troutbeck. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)
- "Wild Game in Zambesia." By R. C. F. Maugham. (Murray. 12s. net.)
- "The Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope." By the Duchess of Cleveland. (Murray. 15s. net.)
- "The Reign of Sir Edward Carson." By the Hon. George Peel. (P. S. King. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Odd Man in Malta." By John Wignacourt. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Some Alternatives to Jesus Christ." By J. L. Johnston. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The New Parsifal: An Operatic Fable." By R. C. Trevelyan. (Chiswick Press. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Happy Hunting Ground." By Alice Perrin. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "Progrès et Bonheur." Par Jean Finot. (Paris: Alcan. 7 fr. 50.)
- "Essais Critiques." Par J. Ernest Charles. (Paris: Ollendorff. 5 fr. 50.)
- "La Reine Hortense en Exil." Par Charles Gailly de Taurines. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Le Roman de Claude d'Antioche." Par Albert Gayet. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Die Rückkehr zur Natur." Von Ludwig Fulder. (Stuttgart: Cotta. M. 3.)

"RESPONSIBILITIES" is the title of a new volume of poems by Mr. W. B. Yeats, to be published next May by the Cuala Press. The edition will be limited to 400 numbered copies.

MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON's essay on "Poetry" in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" has long been recognized as a masterly discussion of the subject, and readers will be pleased to learn that the essay, together with the same author's "The Renaissance of Wonder" will be issued in a separate volume this season by Mr. Herbert Jenkins. These two essays are among the most remarkable critical utterances of the end of the nineteenth century, and it has been a matter for regret that up to the present they have been accessible only in the pages of encyclopædias.

WE learn that Messrs. Chatto & Windus are preparing an English translation of the volume of Dostoevsky's letters which was announced in THE NATION on January 3rd last. In addition to the letters, the book will contain recollections of Dostoevsky, contributed by his personal friends.

"STUDIES OF LIVING WRITERS" is the general title of a series of books to be published by Messrs. Routledge from the Broadway House. It is intended to deal with present-day men of letters who are exercising an influence on the thought and action of their generation. The first two volumes to appear will be "Joseph Conrad" by Mr. Richard Curle, and "Bernard Shaw" by Mr. Joseph McCabe.

A STUDY of Nietzsche's philosophy and personality, by Dr. George Brandes, is to be published by Mr. Heinemann. It will contain all that Dr. Brandes has written on the subject from the lectures which he gave at Copenhagen in 1888 down to those delivered last year in London and other English towns. An interesting correspondence between Nietzsche and the author will also be included.

MR. ARTHUR WEIGALL, whose "Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt," is one of the most fascinating of modern books on Egyptian history, has written a companion volume on "The Life and Times of Cleopatra," which will be published shortly by Messrs. Blackwood. Professor Flinders Petrie describes Cleopatra as "the supreme woman

of her time, learned, witty, brilliant, and fascinating," inheriting the powers of the Macedonian queens with rather less than their vices. Her striking personality and the intrigues connected with the origin of the Roman Empire in Egypt furnish Mr. Weigall with an excellent subject.

THE next volume in Messrs. Black's "The Making of the Nations" series will be a history of Germany by Mr. A. W. Holland. In tracing how the German Empire came into existence, Mr. Holland pays special attention to the historical foundations of such contemporary problems as the Polish and Guelph questions and Germany's determination to hold a leading place among the Great Powers.

MR. J. B. CAPPER has been entrusted with the task of writing the biography of Sir William H. White, the distinguished naval constructor. Materials either in the way of correspondence or of recollections throwing light upon Sir William White's personality or work may be sent to Mr. Capper, Royal Society of Arts, Adelphi, W.C.

A BOOK on the history and customs of the American Indians has been written by Mr. Joseph Dixon and will be published by the firm of Grant Richards under the title of "The Vanishing Race." Mr. Dixon gives an account of the Indian's way of living and thinking, and of his attitude to the civilization which is crushing his race out of existence.

MESSRS. BATSFORD have in preparation "Monumental Classic Architecture in Great Britain and Ireland during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" by Mr. A. E. Richardson. The author's main object is to record and analyze those buildings of neo-classic type which were erected during the last two centuries. In addition to historical and descriptive accounts of the buildings, and a large number of illustrations, the book will contain short biographies of such architects as Professor Cockerell, Sir Charles Barry, Henry Holland, Sir John Soane, the brothers Adam, and other masters of the style.

TRANSLATIONS of two biographies of Madame du Barry are announced for early publication. Mr. John Long has nearly ready an English version of the famous work of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, while on Mr. Herbert Jenkins's list there appears "Madame du Barry: A Study based on Unpublished Documents" by M. Claude Sainte-André. The latter volume will have an introduction by M. Pierre de Nolhac, the Curator of the Versailles Museum, and one of the leading authorities on the period.

ANOTHER example of the announcement by two different publishers of books which deal with the same theme is furnished by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly's "The Loves of the Poets and the Painters," to come from Messrs. Holden & Hardingham, and Mr. Edmund D'Auvergne's "The Poet in Love" which is announced by Mr. Stanley Paul. Both books are excursions into what is called "romantic biography," and discuss the love affairs of a number of men of genius from Dante down to modern times.

JUDGING from the frequent references made to him in literary journals, the cult of Stendhal is spreading in this country, and this impression is confirmed by the appearance of a fresh translation of "Le Rouge et le Noir" by Mr. Horace Samuel, which has just been issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul. Stendhal himself said that people would begin to understand him about 1880, but though he has been praised by Merimée and Balzac, and described by Taine as the greatest psychologist of the nineteenth century, his influence has been mainly confined to France. Even there he has never become popular, though M. Bourget claims in one of the "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine" that he was the founder of cosmopolitanism in letters. Mr. Samuel asserts that enthusiasm for "Le Rouge et le Noir" is "the infallible test of your true Stendhalian." "It is full to the brim of intellect and adventure, introspection and action, youth, romance, tenderness, cynicism, and rebellion. It is in a word the intellectual quintessence of the Napoleonic era." Unfortunately, it resembles Stendhal's other works in being badly written and almost entirely devoid of a form.

Reviews.

A POET OF PESSIMISM.

"Carducci: A Selection of His Poems, with Verse Translations, Notes, and Introductory Essays." By G. L. BICKERSTETH. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

It seems likely that Mr. Bickersteth's book will be for some time the easiest and surest approach for the average English poetry-reader to the enjoyment, as well as the study, of Carducci. For, without considerable scholarship in Italian, Carducci is not a very approachable poet. It would be quite possible for one who can get on fairly easily with Dante to find himself staring at a page of Carducci in puzzled despair. Not that Carducci is obscure as Browning and Meredith are obscure; he neither tortures his thought to fit it into some external poetic pattern, nor jumps from one thought to another without troubling to make the relationship obvious. Indeed, very few poets have been more successful in simultaneous intellectual and æsthetic form—in fashioning thought and mood as shapely as line and stanza. The difficulty with Carducci is almost entirely one of language. He seems determined to use every device that Italian offers (and it offers a great many) for putting as much meaning as possible into the fewest possible words, and he likes to knit his syntax into such close organism that his sentences must, so to say, be swallowed whole; the mind cannot eat them bit by bit, clause by clause. He does not indulge in metaphysics or profound reflections, though he is never a poet for drowsy moods. What he does demand is ability to keep up with his mastery of all the shifts, subtleties, and intricate delicacies of his language; and, as that language is Italian, the demand is no small one. Supposing, however, the reader has successfully approached Carducci, using either his own scholarship or borrowing that which Mr. Bickersteth pleasantly supplies in the form of a verse translation; there is yet something required for a real appreciation and a complete enjoyment. Carducci's poetry, in fact, also implies in his readers considerable knowledge of history, and some understanding of European literary development. He was pre-eminently the poet of his place and time; his matter, throughout the great bulk of his best work, was his age and the events and passions of his age. His poetry is vehemently and nobly partisan; and it is chiefly concerned either with the conspicuous figures and occurrences of European politics (especially, of course, Italian), or else with the ideas that excited the æsthetics of his day. For Carducci there was nothing incongruous in these alternatives of inspiration; they were, in fact, hardly for him alternatives. Poetry was much too sincere a passion with him to be thought of as something apart from life; indeed, he found in it the summation and perfection of conscious life, and it was as natural and as important to him to take sides with Garibaldi as with Classicism; he speaks of doing for art what the "Garibaldini" had done for politics.

Mr. Bickersteth is ready with help against all these difficulties. Everything that requires explanation in Carducci's poetry—his political and artistic *milieu*—is cleared up in his Notes and Introductions. The notes are a sufficient commentary on all particular allusions that occur in his selection. The preparatory generalities of the introductions are even more useful. There is a good account of Carducci's passionate but not very eventful life which puts us in tune for the remarkable self-revelation of his poetry. And the account of the assured progress of his art from a beginning which was either a somewhat empty technique or a somewhat confused declamation, to the serene achievement of complete mastery, as far as his poetic nature went—this, with Mr. Bickersteth's understanding of its psychological causes, should prove an effective warning against several possible misconceptions—misconceptions which have already obscured criticism. Even higher praise should be given to the essay on Carducci's metres. The problem Carducci had to solve, and the problem we have to understand, in the "Odi Barbare" (on the whole, his most significant work), is how to adapt Italian prosody to classical rhythms; for, of course, it would be no more possible in Italian than in English for a poet to write sapphics, or

alcaics, or elegiacs, without considering the limiting conditions of his own tongue's long-decided and inevitable prosody—without persuading, in fact, Italian cadence to agree with classical measures. The matter is too technical and too debatable to be entered on here; it is enough to draw attention to Mr. Bickersteth's lucid and thorough exposition of the whole problem, and of Carducci's theoretically dubious, but in result finely successful, solution of it.

All these explanations clear the way to the understanding of Carducci's significance; but, first of all, Mr. Bickersteth has to make his poet easily approachable as a poet. He does that by printing the Italian on one side and a verse translation on the other. This method might be criticized in one matter; it might be said that the end proposed would be more surely attained by means of a literal prose translation. Yet, if Mr. Bickersteth felt it intolerable to put solid prose for the heady music of the original, it is a sentiment very much to his credit. There is no reason why translation should only mean translation of the "meaning"; the music is something that ought just as much to be translated. A good deal of the music must doubtless escape in any translation; but so also must a good deal of the meaning. Here, for instance, is probably the best-known verse that Carducci wrote; a verse, as it happens, that the haziest recollections of Latin grammar would suffice to construe:—

"Salute, O Satana
O ribellione,
O forza vindice
De la ragione!"

Mr. Bickersteth turns this into:—

"All hail then, O Satan!
Revolt, too! All hail!
And Reason predestined
O'er all to prevail."

Certainly, that is a long way from Carducci. The thrusting directness of the verse that has enabled it to act as a sort of watchword has almost quite vanished; and Mr. Bickersteth surely yielded to a very unhappy suggestion—and a very unnecessary one—when he chose the quite unsuitable measure of Emerson's "Sphinx" as the English representative of Carducci's stirring tune. Yet even this unsatisfactory version is better than prose: "Hail, O Satan, O rebellion, O vindicating force of the reason!" The Italian is certainly, as Carducci himself said of it, "qualche cosa"—something; and it is still something, though not quite such a something, in Mr. Bickersteth's rendering; but it is scarce anything at all in prose. Why? Because it has lost all its explicit emotion; nothing remains but the emotion implicit in the meaning. It is by virtue of its metre that poetry becomes a vehicle for the direct force of unmistakable explicit emotion; therein lies its eternal superiority to prose. And by using verse-forms for his translation, Mr. Bickersteth has been able to render in English a good deal of the emotion of Carducci's poetry, as well as a good deal of its meaning; and this is more satisfactory than capturing more (though it could never be the whole) of the meaning in prose at the expense of the whole of the direct emotion.

Since, then, this book attractively opens up the study of Carducci to many who, before its publication, must have found that study troublesome, and perhaps even forbidding, and since, moreover, the selection it contains is very fairly representative of the poet's work as a whole, it seems a good opportunity for attempting some estimate of his significance in modern letters. His work went through a long and notable development; indeed, what he was in the beginning scarcely suggested what he was to be at the end. But it is not difficult to sum up all this development into a single poetic individuality, intensely characteristic and undoubtedly conspicuous. It is conspicuous, not only because of its stature, but also because it is so different from the figures immediately near it. What this difference is may be roughly expressed by saying that there is something decidedly antique about Carducci. And it is precisely in those poems which are frankly modern in what they say that the antique spirit of Carducci is most remarkable. It appears, in the first place, in his language. For perhaps the truth about the difficulty of Carducci's Italian lies in this: that it is an attempt to make a modern, and therefore "analytic," language behave as if it were capable of the more "synthetic" and more formal syntax of Latin. This was not due to any desire for deliberate virtuosity; it seems due to the

habit of his thought, which existed in wholes, like intuition, and was not given to analyzing itself into parts. Hence his dislike of speculation; hence, too, the occasional contradictions and incoherences in his thought; not analyzing it, he did not perceive incompatibilities. A curious instance occurs in the famous "Hymn to Satan." Satan is not only the vindicator of reason but of all human nature—of unenpurged human nature; and Satan's enemy is, of course, on both counts, Christianity. That is what the poem means, whether it be right or wrong to mean it; it is, at any rate, a very stirring poem. One would expect, then, in the course of its fiery review of history, to find Pope Leo X. applauded as an unusually faithful servant of this Satan. But not at all; quite unexpectedly, he appears as Satan's enemy—on what grounds it is hard to say; and the friends of Satan are Huss, Wiclif, Savonarola, and Martin Luther. The poem suddenly seems to have turned upside down. Just as Leo had managed to establish Carducci's Satan in the very centre of Christianity, Luther and the rest burst in and seriously upset Satan's triumph; and at once the poem reverses the whole significance of the Satan it hymns. The fact is, Carducci was really inspired far more by hatred of Roman Catholicism than by love of Satan. Pagan Satanism is one good stick to beat Roman Catholicism with; the Reformation is another. Therefore, Pagan Satanism equals the Reformation, whereas, really, it equals the Roman Catholicism of Leo X. Carducci put his feeling into the most vigorous verse he could manage, without ever stopping to analyze it. And, seemingly, he never did analyze it; the glaring incongruity in the poem's thought remained through all its many editions, though a trifling act of analysis would have showed it up.

This is a striking instance of a fault to which, usually in much less noticeable fashion, Carducci's unanalytic brain was always liable. Needless to say, the same cause—disinclination to analysis—is responsible for splendid virtues. It is by reason of this that Carducci's thought, at its best, is such an incomparable glowing fusion of the stuff of intellect and the stuff of emotion. From this, too, his diction derives its concentrated austere nobility. Nowadays, Carducci is conspicuous chiefly for his wholesome contrast, in this matter of diction, with some of the later vagaries of poetry. He was in no danger of that intoxication by words to which consciously self-analytic thought is inclined when analysis has gone so far that words have been taken out of their meaning, and have become deliciously poisonous drugs: that intoxication which in D'Annunzio turns to ecstasy, and in the Futurists to pranks. Carducci seems to be protesting by anticipation against all this; and it seems also to be the very spirit of poetry protesting. The importance of his manner looks, therefore, at present greater than the importance of his inspiration; and yet, probably, it is in the latter that Carducci's ultimate significance will lie. Even more than in his style, the antique spirit of him appears in the nature of his inspiration. No poet has been more modern in themes. To take one instance only, his is the first poetry in which locomotives have been completely assimilated to poetic needs, as facts and as symbols. And then, of course, there was the inexhaustible fund of subjects which he found in contemporary politics and events. Not that his poetry is really impersonal; on the contrary, he would be surprised if he could see it, as we do, drenched with a personality. Only Heine has written more personal poems than "Before San Guido" and a dozen others; personality becomes almost whimsy in such poetry. His poems on his dead son show—as Greek epigrams long ago showed it—how unbearably poignant personal grief may become when it is held in strict formality of utterance.

Wherein, then, is he "classical"? How does his antique spirit really betray itself? In that "realism" of his; in his continual and delighted absorption in the vivid actuality of life all round him. To call him the poet of appearances would be a just summing-up, were it not that, in these speculative days, the word "appearance" has a somewhat reproachful air. His poetry is, indeed, intensely interested in himself; but never in himself alone, still less in any metaphysical reality within himself. That would be moonshine to him; what he loved was sunshine, as "Classicismo e Romanticismo" exquisitely proclaims, and sunshine stood for the everyday relationship between himself and externals. Compare, too, his constant pessimism

with the pessimism of, say, Leopardi. He never forced and wrestled with his own pessimism as Leopardi did; it was, for him, merely his sense of the "howling void" underneath all appearance; it was always there, but the splendor of the world's appearance was his protection. He found release from his pessimistic sense of ultimate things, not in metaphysics, but in action—in the delighted contemplation of the stirring complex of human action. Life as a dark abysmal worthlessness, except for the imperishable worth of the flaming phantasmagoria of actuality which covers the abyss—that is the pessimism of Greece, and its optimism. And it is Carducci's; in those courageous poems shutting out the detested depths of the meaningless infinite by curtains figured with the brave reality of the actual men and women and the actual events of his time, Carducci is the great modern vindicator of appearances.

A HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

"Lollardy and the Reformation in England." Vol. IV. By JAMES GAIRDNER. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

A PATHETIC interest attaches to this final volume of Dr. Gairdner's last and, in one sense, most ambitious work. We shall no more see in the British Museum reading-room this typical Lowland Scot, whose very face and bearing were marked with all the sturdy independence of his race—laborious to gather facts, individual in his judgments, and honest even in what we ourselves believe to have been his prejudices. In the scanty leisure of an unusually toilsome career as a public servant, he pushed far beyond the narrow period embraced by his official work, and wrote one of the most remarkable volumes in Messrs. Macmillan's somewhat unequal "History of the English Church." Certain ideas which he had already formed at that time were important enough to be repeated and expanded under far more detailed discussion and with a far fuller array of illustrative documents. Hence this present work, of which the author himself saw three volumes through the press, while the fourth was left in rough MS. to be brought out by Dr. Hunt, who supplies a rather dry and jejune memoir of the author, but has earned our gratitude by his editorial care for his dead friend's work. It is of this volume that we have now to speak.

We must begin by frankly premising that the author, for all his transparent honesty, was almost incapable of real sympathy with what seemed to him the party of disorder—the "heretics," as he loses no opportunity of calling the Reformers. It may well be that the latter name also does, to some extent, beg an important question; but two wrongs do not make a right, and Dr. Gairdner's use of this term "heretic" seems to us typical of the whole spirit of his book. In his honest attempt to put himself at the point of view of Tudor orthodoxy, he falls between two stools, and uses the word in a sense not truly consistent with the ideas either of our own century or of the sixteenth. Before an orthodox Tudor tribunal, Dr. Gairdner would have striven in vain to exculpate himself from heresy; most modern readers, on the other hand, reading his remorseless and repeated application of that name to Cranmer and his fellows, might suspect the author of unjust and intolerant feelings which were really foreign to his nature. It was mainly due to mental confusion—we say it with all deference to the memory of a real scholar who is now no longer here to defend himself—and the confusion itself was mainly prompted by his passionate desire to do justice to those Conservatives of the sixteenth century who received so little justice a century ago. He was really no theologian, and sometimes missed fine distinctions even where they might have been suggested to him by Roman Law, of which (like a true Scot) he had some knowledge. He never truly grasped the leading principles either of the Lollards or of the Reformers; but he saw very clearly their great differences in detail, and this led him to deny that the Reformation was in any way a development of Lollardy. His sympathies were strong for the side of law and order; and his special studies had forced upon him with relentless emphasis the disorderly side of the Reformation. He was the one living man who had read with his own eyes every State Paper of the Middle Tudor period; and his microscopic examination of the undercurrents of history

throughout so troubled a time had naturally influenced his sense of proportion.

If Dr. Gairdner could have found time to study, in any detail, the religious England of 1440 and of 1640 side by side with that England of 1540 which he knew so well, he could scarcely have failed to whittle down his condemnation, so to speak, at both ends. On the one hand, he would probably have asked himself more insistently at every step, "What alternative was there to this disorder? How, in the face of the ancient forces arrayed against the new ideas, could these have triumphed by purely constitutional or even purely legal means?" And again, on the other hand, "Can so much good have proceeded from so much evil? If, in 1640, even the bitterest religious differences were fought out with so much less barbarity and waste than they could have been in 1440, must not some principle of order have been latent even in this disorderly movement which had troubled the intervening period?" These questions will haunt many readers, we think, even through this fourth volume of Dr. Gairdner's book. But certainly (and this is the more pleasant side to emphasize), nobody interested in the period can afford to leave it unread. In the first volume he frequently trod on unfamiliar ground, and sometimes slipped even in his facts; in this fourth he is absolutely at home, and gives us such a store of facts from the State papers and similar documents as he alone had at his command. He has an easier task, of course, than he would have had with the latter part of Mary's reign; for the work now ends at the Queen's marriage. But it is very instructive to read what can be marshalled in favor of a queen whose worst faults were certainly forced upon her by circumstances; and Dr. Gairdner, even where he seems to us least impartial, is absolutely honest. For there was still more in the man than in his work, even though he had lived to complete his first design; and, if we have expressed a certain disappointment at Dr. Hunt's memoir, it is because we feel that a real opportunity has been missed.

THE MUSE IN CRINOLINE.

"The Works of Tennyson." With Notes by the Author, Edited with Memoir by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

If Tennyson's reputation has diminished, it is not that it has fallen before hostile criticism: it has merely faded through time. Perhaps there was never an English poet who loomed so large to his own age as Tennyson—who represented his contemporaries with the same passion and power. Pope was sufficiently representative of his age, but his age meant, by comparison, a limited and aristocratic circle. Byron represented and shocked his age by turns. Tennyson, on the other hand, was as close to the educated middle-class men and women of his time as the family clergyman. That is why, inevitably, he means less to us than he did to them. Not that he was not ahead of his age on many points on which this could not be said of the family clergyman. He was a kind of "new theologian." He stood, like Dean Farrar, for the larger hope and various other heresies. But then every representative man is a little ahead of his age—a little, but not enough to be beyond the reach of the sympathies of ordinary people. It may be objected that Tennyson is primarily an artist, not a thinker, and that he should be judged not by his message but by his song. But his message and his song were creatures of the same vision—a vision of the world seen, not *sub specie aternitatis*, but *sub specie* the reign of Queen Victoria. Before we appreciate Tennyson's real place in literature, we must frankly recognize the fact that his muse wore a crinoline. The great mass of his work bears its date stamped upon it as obviously almost as a copy of the "Times." How topical, both in mood and phrasing, are lines like those in "Locksley Hall":—

"Then her cheek was pale, and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.
And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee.'"

We do not, of course, quote these lines as typical of Tennyson's genius. We think, however, they may be fairly quoted as lines suggesting the mid-Victorian atmosphere that clings round all but his very best work. They bring

before our minds the genteel magazine-illustrations of other days. They conjure up a world of dear, vapid faces, where there is little life apart from sentiment and rhetoric. Contrast a poem like "Locksley Hall" with a poem like "The Flight of the Duchess." Each contains at once a dramatization of human relations, and the statement of a creed. The human beings in Browning's poem, however, are not mere shadows out of old magazines; they are as real as the men and women in the portraits of the masters, as real as ourselves. Similarly, in expressing his thought, Browning gives it imaginative dignity as philosophy, while Tennyson writes what is after all merely an exalted leading article. There is more in common between Tennyson and Lytton than is generally realized. Both were rather fond of windy words. They were really slaves of language to almost as great an extent as Swinburne. One feels that too often phrases like "moor and fell" and "bower and hall" were mere sounding substitutes for a creative imagination. It was pointed out many years ago that the lines in "Maud":

"All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;"

introduce a most inappropriate instrument into a ball-room orchestra merely for the sake of euphony. The mistake about the bassoon is a small one, but it is rather characteristic. Later on, in the same fine lyric, we find a worse concurrence of wrong sounds, when the lover cries:—

"The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea."

Tennyson, like his age, was curiously lacking in the artistic sensitiveness which would have dismissed a line like the last of these into the region of nonsense verses.

It is necessary to stress these points in order to make it clear that Tennyson was by no means the complete artist that for years he was generally accepted as being. He was an artist of lines rather than of poems. He seldom wrote a poem which seemed to spring full-armed from the imagination as the great poems of the world do. He built them up haphazard, as Thackeray wrote his novels. They are full of sententious padding and prettiness, and the padding is not merely a philosopher's vacuous babbling in his sleep, as so much of Wordsworth is; it is the word-spinning of a man who loves words more than people, or philosophy, or things, and who therefore must be word-perfect—if we may adopt a phrase from the theatre—or nothing. Let us admit at once that when Tennyson is word-perfect he takes his place among the immortals. We are convinced that the great bulk of his work is already as dead as the great bulk of Longfellow's work. But occasionally he seemed to see romance in its perfect form, and to be able to express it so. He did this consummately in "Ulysses," which comes nearer a large perfection, perhaps, than anything else he ever wrote. One can imagine the enthusiasm of some literary discoverer many centuries hence, when Tennyson is as little known as Donne was fifty years ago, coming upon lines as:—

"The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew."

There, even if you have not the stalwart imagination which makes Browning's people alive, you have a most beautiful fancy illustrating an old story.

The most beautiful line Tennyson ever wrote:—

"The horns of Elfland faintly blowing;"

has the same suggestion of having been forged from the gold of the world's romance. Thus Tennyson's art at its best is art founded upon art, not art founded upon life. We used to be asked to admire the vivid observation shown in such lines as:—

"More black than ashbuds in the front of March;"

and it is interesting to learn that Tennyson had a quick eye for the facts of nature. But such lines, however accurate,

do not make a man a poet. It is in his fine ornamental moods that Tennyson means most to our imaginations nowadays—in the moods of such lines as:—

"Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost."

The truth is, Tennyson, with all his rhetoric and with all his prosaic Victorian opinions, was an aesthete in the immortal part of him no less than were Rossetti and Swinburne. He seemed immense to his contemporaries, because he put their doubts and fears into music, and was master of the fervid rhetoric of the new gospel of Imperialism. They did not realize that great poetry cannot be founded on a basis of perishable doubts and perishable gospels. It was enough for them to feel that "In Memoriam" gave them soothing anchorage and shelter from the destructive hurricanes of science. It was enough for them to thrill to the public-speech poetry of "Of old sat Freedom on the heights," the patriotic triumph of "The Relief of Lucknow," the glorious contempt for foreigners exhibited (for example) in references to "the red fool-fury of the Seine." Is it any wonder that during a great part of his life Tennyson was widely regarded as not only a poet, but a teacher and a statesman? His sneering reference to Bright as the "broad-brimmed hawk of holy things" should have made it clear that in politics he was merely a party man, and that his political intelligence was small. But the poet who expresses the momentary sympathies of hundreds of thousands of his contemporaries is sure to get off lightly for his sins against art and against the intellect. If Tennyson had been able to express the natural and abiding sympathies of men as forcibly as he was able to express their temporary and accidental sympathies, he would have been a great poet.

He was too lacking, however, in the highest kind of imagination and intellect to achieve the greatest things. He seldom or never stood aloof from his own time, as Wordsworth did through his philosophic imagination, as Keats did through his æsthetic imagination, as Browning did through his dramatic imagination. He wore a poetical cloak, and avoided the vulgar crowd physically; he had none of Browning's taste for tea-parties. But Browning had not the tea-party imagination; Tennyson, in a great degree, had. He preached excellent virtues to his time; but they were respectable rather than revolutionary virtues. Thus, "The Idylls of the King" have become to us mere ancient fashion-plates of the virtues, while the moral power of "The Ring and the Book" is as remarkable to-day as in the year in which it was first published.

It is all the more surprising that no good selection from Tennyson has yet appeared. His "complete works" contain so much that is ephemeral and uninspired as to be a mere book of reference on our shelves. When will some critic do for him what Matthew Arnold did for Wordsworth, and separate the gold from the dross—do it, we mean, as well as Matthew Arnold did it in Wordsworth's case, so as to give us practically a final selection? Such a volume would be far thinner than the Wordsworth selections. It would be thinner, perhaps, than a similar anthology made from the work of any other considerable English poet. But it would contain much precious and lasting work. The poet of "Ulysses" and the best lyrics in "Maud" and "The Princess" has made his fame sure so long as the English language survives. He is one of the most splendid of minor poets.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE

"The Evolution of New Japan." By J. H. LONGFORD.
(Cambridge University Press. 1s. net.)

"The Life and Thought of Japan." By OKAKURA-YOSHISABURO. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)

JAPAN has attracted nearly every description of writer, and has been viewed from every standpoint. There have been books that dealt with her political and social history, with her art and her literature, even books, like that of Lafcadio Hearn, that probed beneath the many surfaces presented by her national life; wise books and amusing books, and some very foolish ones. The result has been a vast store of information disseminated throughout the reading public—also a good deal of confusion in that public's mind as to what it is in the past and present history of Japan that really

matters; as to the essential points to bear in mind in order to seize the true significance of that country's place among civilized states. Consequently, we welcome a work like Mr. Longford's, which is one of the Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature, because it gives in terse, vigorous language a summary of what every intelligent European student of Japan requires to know. Mr. Longford writes with more than common authority. He was once his Majesty's Consul at Nagasaki; he is now Professor of Japanese at King's College, London. Besides these valuable qualifications, he possesses an easy literary style that renders his good fare specially digestible. What is more, he has known what to leave out; and though there may be readers captious enough to complain that he has not touched certain important aspects of Japanese life, morals, and art, most of them will rejoice that he has confined himself as strictly as he has to the working out of his main theme—the political evolution of New Japan. Had he given us more in one sense, he would assuredly have given us less in another.

His preliminary sketch of Japanese history, a simply expressed and lucid *résumé* of feudal Japan and the age-long dual system of government—that of Emperor and Shogun—brings us by pleasant stages to the threshold of his subject: the restoration of the Imperial Power, accompanying the accession of the late Emperor, Mutsu Hito, in 1867. With the latter date began the making of the New Japan. But it was not till 1871 that the feudal lords were ordered to quit their fiefs, hand over their castles, munitions, and ships to the Government, and take up their residences in Tokyo as private gentlemen, "without even titles to distinguish them from the common herd"; and it was not for many years after that the "lower orders" were raised sufficiently above their former condition of ignorant, unassuming servility to justify the demand for a constitution on the lines of our own. The part that Japan played in her own advancement has often been discussed, and there exists a common and romantic idea that it was mainly due to her own initiative and wondrous skill in making use of the secrets of progress wrung from the Western world. Mr. Longford, warm admirer of her as he is, bluntly disposes of this view: "Nothing could be farther from the truth. Her entry into the paths of Western civilization was largely owing to the persistent goading of Sir Harry Parker (British Minister at Tokyo); her subsequent achievements to the tuition of the large band of foreign experts whom she had the good fortune to enlist in her service, and who served her as loyally and whole-heartedly as they did efficiently." In other words, Japan's genius for assimilation, as opposed to mere imitation, is only of recent growth. She has shown herself in the past apt to copy Western modes and ideals with a literalness, and with a disregard for the circumstances of the particular case, that are almost pathetic. Witness her policy in Korea; more especially in the matter of extra-territorial jurisdiction which she thrust on that unfortunate country, even as the European Powers imposed the same degrading handicap upon her.

Mr. Longford pens a graphic account of the events that led up to the wars with China and Russia, and of the political events in Japan that resulted in the convening of the first national Parliament in 1890; showing, also, that the model of government then obtained proved to be not the English, but the German one. He also institutes some thoughtful and instructive parallels between the problems of Japan and those of our own islands and dependencies. The Nationalist movement in Japan, for instance, is likened, not without reason, to that in India at the present time, and he compares the expectations of European communities in Japan, when deprived of the privileges of extra-territorial jurisdiction, with the expressed fears of Ulster extremists as to what will happen under Home Rule. One may note that the European communities have increased considerably since extra-territorial jurisdiction was removed.

"The Life and Thought of Japan" supplements Mr. Longford's book to some extent. But we are not sure that the Japanese professor who has penned these pages brings very much that is fresh to our understanding of the Japanese. His main thesis is that Japan, in spite of modern developments, remains very much as she was in spirit, and is likely to remain so; and his book is devoted to showing the how and why of her innate conservatism. Beginning with a

dissertation on the cherry-blossom as a symbol of national life, and a chapter on "Old Japan at a New School"—that of Western civilization—he comes to the root of the matter in discussing "The Undying Spirit of Old Japan," "Chinese Civilization in Japan," and "Buddhism." His account of the religious systems that have swayed the Japanese mind, and their relationship to the political and social life, is the most interesting portion of the book. Confucianism, for example, with its doctrine of filial piety, obtained its hold by reason of the Japanese view of the importance of the family as against the individual in the State, and their filial reverence for the person of the Mikado. The author's sustained politeness towards Western social customs does not prevent him from poking gentle fun at some of them. It is an entertaining volume, but it tells us little more than we have learnt from mere European authors.

RELIGION AND DOGMA.

"The Christian Faith: A System of Dogmatics." By THEODORE HAERING, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Tübingen. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2 vols. 10s. 6d. net. each.)

THE title of this work is open to the two-fold criticism that the object of Christian Faith is not dogma; and that, *a fortiori*, the notion of system in dogmatics is arbitrary. A System of Dogmatics is a shadow of a shadow. In other words, system in this subject-matter is not real, but verbal or logical: the dogmatist, like the spider, spins his web out of his own substance; the material comes not from without, but from within. So that the attempt to construct a system of dogmatics multiplies words without increasing sense; nor shall we be far out if we transfer to scholastic theologians Hobbes's pointed criticism of the philosophers of Athens—"the place where any of them taught and disputed was called *schola*, which, in their tongue, signifieth 'leisure'; and their disputations, *diatribæ*, that is to say, 'passing of the time.'"

The author of this treatise admits the mutability of Dogmatics. The science is provisional and relative:—

"No dogmatic of any age is identical with the saving truth of the Christian faith. Its office is to set forth this truth for its own age; and thus it passes away along with the age to which it belongs. Dogmatics must remember that in the next generation it belongs to the History of Dogma. This does not mean a history which contains nothing but what is temporary, and has no influence on the future; that would not be a history of *Dogma*, a historical appreciation of the ever-valid truth of salvation, based upon the revelation of God. It does mean a history that really contains temporary elements, otherwise it would be no *history* of Dogma. A system of Dogmatics fulfils its purpose if it helps its own age to appreciate the Eternal Gospel. This must show itself both in its content and form. Its office is to set forth what we of to-day can and should believe, and how we can and should believe it; not what we must constrain ourselves to believe of the faith of our fathers."

The point of view is justifiable; but it may seem that, between them, Apologetic and History of Dogma cover the required ground. "Mark Rutherford's" account of systematic theology, "the great business of our academical life," will be remembered. Professor Haering's treatment of the subject is, indeed, not that of the President on whose mellifluous voice and pastoral manner "Mark Rutherford" expatiates; but, though his substantial volumes contain much useful matter, we miss in them the vigor and the vitality which we have learned to associate with the older Tübingen School.

As an example of the writer's method, the criticism of the naturalistic and syncretic theory of the origin of the Eucharist may be quoted:—

"It is clear that this treatment from the point of view of the history of religions, on the one hand, eagerly makes use of the literary treatment of the sources, and, on the other hand, seeks to supersede it as trivial. A truly historical treatment will be able to point out in opposition to it, that the canons of literary criticism here applied are by no means always such as hold in other departments of history. In particular, it is remarkable that the evidences of connection with the Old Testament are set aside; e.g., in the consciousness of Paul, 'the table of the Lord' is surely associated more closely with Malachi i. 12, and generally with the Israelitish views of the sacrificial feast, than with the parallel facts of the religion of Mithra. But as for the idea of prevalent syncretism on which it rests, it is the task of New Testament theology to inquire whether it is compatible

with what was undoubtedly Paul's guiding principle, viz., his idea of faith. And, if this question had to be answered in the affirmative, with whatever limitations, then Protestant theology would have the right to construct its doctrine of the Supper on the basis of the main principle of the Gospel, without regard to such foreign admixtures."

"Without regard" is perhaps too strongly put. But Professor Haering is on strong ground when he urges that the greater historical probability lies on the side of the historicity of the accounts given by Mark and Paul, "which corroborate one another in the main point—viz., that Jesus Himself intended to refer to His sacrificial death."

PILGRIMS ON THE RHINE.

"The Desirable Alien at Home in Germany." By VIOLET HUNT. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

MISS VIOLET HUNT has put so much personality into this fascinating book that at first we told ourselves gaily that it was not going to matter much what she said so long as she said it like that. But, of course, "like that" is liker that on some subjects than on others; and so, quickly enough, we formulated a theory of selection. Certain moods were to be welcomed with an especial eagerness; and first among them came the Forest Mood:—

"The sense of imminence, the almost fear of the magic loneliness. . . . I caught hold of his arm, and wondered what terrible sound would break the stillness. . . . Just as we turned into the wild wood. . . . I heard a cry I had never heard before, and one more terrible than I have ever imagined. Harsh, raucous, something between a laugh and a roar, it left me spell-bound. . . . 'What's that? Oh, what's that?' I breathed. 'A wild cat,' Joseph Leopold said composedly."

Each time that a forest is entered we get that "sense of imminence," shot through with memories of Grimm's fairy-tales which bring as well the very sense of childhood. But nowhere is this fairy-tale lore so exquisitely used as in a chapter which has nothing at all to do with forests—that Chapter XXI. which, with its admirably chosen title, "Take us the little Foxes," is one web of glamor and fun and shining sympathy, and queer, weird turnings of the mind to things sombre and tragic: a revelation of personality, and more, an epitome of life itself in its variousness and zest and spontaneity, "brought off," moreover, with a simplicity of accost, so to speak, which leaves us wondering if the writer has herself any idea of her achievement. This is the high-water mark of the book; but it explains all the rest—the personal, wayward, amusing, wistful, wise-and-foolish, human rest.

We like Miss Hunt most when she is most herself; the excursions into history, as in the "Queens Discrowned" and "A Landgräfin and her Confessor" have a certain jerkiness which leave us mourning for the particular magic so triumphantly employed in the pattern chapter. The Rhine (described, one would have thought, past all describing) here takes a quite especial character. Its "great, dark, dull flow, delving into the scarped banks"; "its gentle, passionless dignity"; "a flow so big, so black, so simple, and so deep down in its bed"—this seems tidings of a river more mysterious, more remote, less "the heritage of all the nations," than we had imagined. But our author knew the Rhine to be that heritage, and had said that she could never feel truly German "until she had lived—positively lived—and watched Joseph Leopold pay taxes, in a German town with [nothing] to attract tourists." This she did—though the longed-for storks on the roof were denied her to the end; and in that town and other towns she saw and heard and analysed many things—funny, serious, sad, utilitarian, humanitarian; and of them all she tells us with the same delightful humor, which is now and then called to order, as it were, in a note by "Joseph Leopold," who is Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. Mr. Hueffer, in his own person, contributes two chapters: "Utopia," with its whimsical climax, and "How it feels to be Members of Subject Races," a haunting and memorable passage, where thought broods over fantasy, and both are mingled into a summer dream which is broken by the barking of a dog, that "stands with its legs firmly planted. . . . It does not move; nothing will move it. It is administering. That breed will not die out, you see."

NOTES ON NEW NOVELS.

"A Lady of Leisure." By ETHEL SIDGWICK. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 6s.)

"The Flying Inn." By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The Business of a Gentleman." By H. N. DICKINSON. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Square Pegs." By CHARLES INGE. (Methuen. 6s.)

ONCE the difficulty of grasping the fine shades of atmospheric relations in the Ashwin and Gibbs's households has been surmounted, the attentive reader should have little difficulty in making out "the figure in the carpet" of Miss Sidgwick's clever novel. The clue centres in the personalities of the adroit Dr. Ashwin and Violet, his delightful daughter. Both these charming people are leagued in silent sympathy against the subtle heartlessness and selfish fascination of the beautiful Mrs. Ashwin, a fine example of the modern worldly woman. Perhaps the cleverest thing in this clever book is this drawing of Eveleen Ashwin's egoism, done by faint suggestions and imperceptible touches rather than by any deliberate strokes. One wonders, indeed, how so clear-sighted a man as her husband can retain so much feeling for this feline woman, who treats her daughter, of much finer instinct than herself, as negligible, and plays cat-and-mouse with his honor; but a man's enslavement will often last his lifetime. Violet also is drawn with great skill, and she subjugates everybody who comes to know her by her blend of Ashwin brilliancy and secret tenderness. The Ashwins—father and daughter—play a brave game before the world, and only an author as subtle as is Miss Sidgwick could suggest with such fine precision, without clumsily stating it, the insistent shadow that overhangs the household. While the strain on Dr. Ashwin, a rising, fashionable physician is unrelieved, Violet escapes from her mother's sophisticated atmosphere into playing at "helping" in a lady friend's Battersea dressmaking establishment. It seems to us—and we speak apologetically, as a mere masculine onlooker—that Miss Sidgwick is not quite so happy in catching the shades of democratic manners in the portrait of her working girl, the handsome Miss Eccles. Violet's intimacy with this young lady, though necessary to the love-plot, scarcely seems to us natural; but the world moves on quickly, and the author, for aught we know, may have made a special study of the latest fashions in class relations. We need not unravel here the fine skein of the love-feelings of the five young people concerned—Violet, Alice Eccles, Charles Shovell, Margery, and Bob Brading. The curious reader will find in this intimate picture a faithful reflection of the self-conscious workings of the passions of youth. The novel, as a whole, is perhaps a little too fine-drawn in its intricate web of feminine psychology; but it is a brilliant piece of work, and will certainly add to Miss Ethel Sidgwick's considerable reputation.

Labels are useful things, but "The Flying Inn" is so beplastered with the electioneering bills of Mr. Chesterton's party of two as to rob his story of any element of surprise. Have we not heard it often before, this roaring propaganda of old English drink and old English virtue, and the sinister and insidious influence of Jews and Saracens and millionaire peers and naturalized Germans and Socialistic legislation? On this occasion it is Moslemism that threatens the institutions of Western Christendom in general and of John Bull in particular. The villain of the piece is the great Lord Ivywood, the English statesman who saps the liberties of the Briton, suppresses all the public-houses, unifies the precepts of Christianity with the teachings of Islam, puts the police into fezes, dragoons the sleepy countryside with Turkish hirelings, and so forth, till the Chestertonian hero, Captain Patrick Dalroy, a jovial red-haired giant, raises in wrath the standard of revolt, and, by marching round the shires with a barrel of rum and a sign-post, overthrows the Anglo-Semitic politicians and the rabid teetotalers and the forces and followers of the Crescent. The novel, of course, gives Mr. Chesterton every opportunity for igniting his paradoxical crackers, which go off with a bang and a bounce in the faces of his audience; but the satire is mostly of the forcible-feeble order. Not even Captain Dalroy's "soaring" songs, which he sings to keep up people's spirits when the flatness of the farce weighs too leadenly, can dispel the feeling that

Mr. Chesterton's high spirits are mechanical. The story, in short, is artistically a failure, not only because all the characters are mere abstractions talking Chestertonese, but because, as a fantasy, it is altogether too heavy in the hand. There is no reason why the author should not, as did Peacock before him, survey satirically the tendencies of the day that displease him. But in "The Flying Inn" the general effect is of tired circus acrobats performing old tricks before a depressed audience.

The reappearance of "Bobby," Mr. Dickinson's hero, will be welcomed by the readers of that strong, original story, "Sir Guy and Lady Rannard," but is not too obvious a partiality shown him and his Coulscombe retainers in their brush with the Radicals, the "reformers," and the feminine advocates of peace and purity? Bobby, now married to Sir Guy's widow, and settled down to administer his Somersetshire estate and his rent-roll of £6,000 a year, and his paternal government of his happy tenantry, combines all the blessings that Disraeli outlined for his party's edification in "Sybil." But a buxom village girl, Bessie, who finds a situation with the fussy Mrs. Hope, of "The Purity Chatting League," being falsely accused of immoral conduct, and transferred, for her good! to a home for prostitutes, brings Bobby on the scene, with his lance couched and his war-cry sounding against all moral fanatics, progressive cranks, and drawing-room agitators. This would be all very well if the satire on those well-meaning but misguided females, Miss Agg, of "the Anti-Nicotine Union," and Mrs. Fyfe-Proctor, of the "Voluntary Inspection Association," could be pursued on the vantage ground of the Coulscombe Eden. But Mr. Dickinson soon transfers the field of action to the industrial town, Denbury, whose pottery industry Bobby Wilton inherits on the death of a grasping uncle. A strike is raging at the time, which (to suit the author's scheme) is being championed by Bobby's old adversary, the massive Miss Baker, a tireless worker in the Progressive vineyard. And the thesis demands that Bobby, by distributing wholesale his feudal *largesse* to the starving strikers, and by organizing relief works, and an emigration scheme, shall cut the ground from under the agitator's feet, and bring Denbury to swear allegiance to its new lord. Incidentally, various slanders on Bobby's character, swallowed greedily and circulated by the party of "purity," bring the Hopes and the Bakers and the Fyfe-Proctors to confusion, and the book ends with the Denbury townsfolk seeking the blood of his traducers. The novel would be excellent copy for Tory democracy were the Bobby Wiltons as far-sighted, deep-hearted, and indefatigable as the hero of the tale; but, even so, the evil genius of the piece—the embittered female agitator, Miss Baker—seems to us a figure of caricature. The satire should be both lighter and brisker, and Bobby's aureole should surely not float so persistently around his aristocratic head. The novel, which is full of clever things, suggests, indeed, the zeal of a new adherent to an ancient order.

Another side of the social picture—and perhaps Mr. Dickinson would claim that it reinforced his own—is shown us in "Square Pegs." Bernard Farquharson, the "big man," who comes back from South Africa and tries to run a weekly paper, "The Dictator," which advocates emigration schemes to save "the wasted manhood" of London slums, is certainly an exceptional figure. After a few months of his crusade, the blank indifference and official routine of the politicians, and the paralyzing lack of support from the labor organizations, show that nobody wants a paper "with no party and no prejudices." Farquharson's struggles to keep the journal going till his scheme "gets round the corner" are cleverly depicted in such scenes as the one where he finds the important Sir Rundell Pember asleep in his club, and is told that "most of us are too busy to find the time to support you." And the *coup de grâce* is given to the social crusade when fifty-two invitations to form a league brings eight acceptances and six attendances. The farce is played out when Farquharson, who has lost all his money, has to sell the "Dictator" to Sarpe, the rich solicitor, an incarnation of all the petty, mean "vested interests," against which he has broken himself. The love story gives Mr. Inge opportunity for some clever studies of typical suburban domesticities.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Art in Egypt." By G. MASPERO. General History of Art. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

PROFESSOR MASPERO'S record in Egyptian archaeology should insure for this volume its due measure of appreciation from the cultured public. His examination of the three main epochs of Egyptian art—the Memphite, Theban, and Saïte Ages—includes an astonishing quantity of material, and the multitudinous illustrations, and the full bibliography at the end of each chapter, will prove of immense value to the serious student. The author is disposed to name the second Theban period (Eighteenth to Twenty-first Dynasties) as the most vital of all, since the long Saïte period that followed, full of interest as it is, contains several elements of decadence, and became, in its later stages, an age of mechanical art. The first principle of Egyptian art in the Memphite Age, with the dawn of which, according to Professor Maspero, the rude efforts of the primitives gave place to a highly civilized achievement, was religious utility, and we find this principle existing as paramount even when succeeding centuries had brought complicity of motive into the various details of craftsmanship. It was, indeed, the inseparability of art from religion that brought about the former's final destruction; when the religion was swept away, the art was unable to adapt itself, as Roman art for example, adapted itself, to changed conditions, and it perished, so to speak, for want of a *raison d'être*. Its monuments were built for durability, because durability was bound up with religion and faith; but this durability again proved fatal æsthetically in that it left the highly trained workmen of the Saïte Age nothing to do but to copy the works of their predecessors. The temple architecture and the religious practices associated with it, the architecture of palaces and domestic architecture of kings and queens, are discussed very illuminatingly in these pages. No one has a keener sense than Professor Maspero of the unity of art and life, and this volume on Egyptian art is veritably a reconstruction of the life of ancient Egypt. We cannot follow the author when he claims for certain museum sculptures an æsthetic importance that seems to us extravagant, and calls photographic illustrations to witness the justice of his claims. On these occasions we are reminded of the opinion which Mr. L. March Phillips recently expressed in a very logical series of essays: that Egyptian art, *qua* art, was always barbaric and never really matured.

"The English Year: Autumn and Winter." By W. BEACH THOMAS and A. K. COLLET. (Jack. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a well-written account of those aspects of autumn and winter in this country that are likely to impress themselves on lovers of the open air. The authors give separate sections to each month from September to February, noting such things as the movements of birds, the changes in trees and hedgerows, the habits of the animals and birds that are hunted and shot, and the appearance of fields in their winter dress. It is of the first importance that the authors of a book on these lines should be able to write with the authority of first-hand observation, while it is a decided gain if the facts observed are presented in an attractive style. We can congratulate Mr. Beach Thomas and Mr. Collet on the possession of both these qualities. The book is free from those unsubstantiated theories that feed the imaginations of writers about Nature who are more anxious to be attractive than exact, and though the descriptions are never bald, and never sink to the level of a mere catalogue, it is free from the affectation of fine writing. We recommend the work to those who love the country enough to enjoy reading about it.

"Modernities." By HORACE B. SAMUEL. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a collection of ten essays on "individuals who are held out as being reasonably characteristic of the last and present century, which started with the French Revolution." Stendhal, Heine, Nietzsche, and Strindberg come naturally enough under this category, and no one can object to studies of Arthur Schnitzler, Verhaeren, and Signor Marinetti in a book labelled "Modernities." But we find it more difficult to account for the presence of the chapter on "The Psychology of Disraeli," while the essay on Miss

Marie Corelli, amusing though it is, is out of place in the collection. According to Mr. Samuel, the distinctive note of the modern spirit is energy and fearlessness of analysis, and this is certainly exemplified in the men of whom he has written these appreciations. His method is mainly expository, though he does not refrain from criticism. In our view, the best of the essays is that on Nietzsche, though Mr. Samuel's estimate of Wedekind has the merit of bringing into notice a writer with whom most English readers are unacquainted. Mr. Samuel has taken the trouble to study his authors with care, and if his book cannot be classed with Mr. Havelock Ellis's "The New Spirit," with which in some respects it challenges comparison, it is at least a competent survey of some modern tendencies.

"My Cosmopolitan Year." By the AUTHOR of "MASTERING FLAME." (Mills & Boon. 10s. 6d. net.)

THESE observations of life in New York, Paris, Vienna, Madrid, and London are shrewd and often entertaining. We should suspect, from internal evidences, that the author knows his New York better than his London, and his Paris better than Vienna or Madrid; but he has obtained no little insight into the social life of all. He conceives the world he examines as a play, and styles his sections "In Rehearsal" (New York), "The Curtain Rises" (Paris), "The Children's Performance" (Vienna), "The Broken-down Actor" (Madrid), and "In Review" (London). Thus, in the first, "life is in preparation—a piece in rehearsal"; Paris is "the finished performance of the great artiste"; the Viennese "frolic through life like thoughtless children," and their central aim is "to have a good time, and enjoy life to the fullest"; Madrid resembles the broken-down actor in its gloom and haughty ferocity; Englishmen are "the inventors and perfectors of the groove." The sharpest barbs of criticism are reserved for the Americans, especially as regards the "democratic" character of their social life and their culture; but he finds the independent American working woman worthy of praise. His impressions of the Continental cities are mostly derived from association with the comfortable classes, and his estimate of London has the ring of fashionable dinner-table talk—it is a medley of outworn traditional views and genuine little flashes of insight. But the author makes no claim to deep investigation. On the whole, the volume is one of the most readable of its class. Its author has a keen sense of humor and a knack of summing up a race in an anecdote. Where else, for instance, except in Madrid, could anybody have thought of organizing a bull-fight in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?

"Eugène de Beauharnais: The Adopted Son of Napoleon." By VIOLETTE M. MONTAGU. (Long. 15s. net.)

EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS played an important if secondary part in Napoleon's career, and Miss Montagu's biography is likely to be welcomed among those—a considerable section—who are never tired of reading fresh books about the First Empire and those who helped to make it. Eugène first distinguished himself at Marengo, and in 1805 he was appointed Viceroy of Italy, where he helped to re-establish order and contributed to the country's prosperity. He held command in the Grand Army in the Russian campaign, and during the French reverses he was promised that the crown of Italy would be guaranteed to him if he abandoned Napoleon. He rejected the offer with indignation, and to the end of his days he was faithful to the Emperor, who had publicly adopted him as his son in 1806. It is true that, having pledged his word to remain passive, he held aloof during the Hundred Days; but Napoleon in his last days was in the habit of saying: "Eugène has never caused me a moment's sorrow." He died at Munich in 1824. Miss Montagu has made good use of the printed sources at her disposal, particularly of the ten volumes of Eugène's memoirs and correspondence, edited by Baron du Casse.

"Piedmont." By ESTELLA CANZIANI and ELEANOR RONDE. (Chatto & Windus. 21s. net.)

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The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, February 13.	Price Friday morning, February 20.
Consols	76½	76½
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THE week has seen a further upward tendency in money and discount rates, and further weakening in Stock Exchange prices. Consols are on the down grade again, and so are Home Railway stocks, in spite of some good dividends. Investors also have been satiated by the flood of new issues; several of the latest have been thrown on the underwriters' hands, and premiums are beginning to run off again. At the end of January, the discount on the new Brazil loan was reduced, if I remember right, to about 3½ per cent. It is now round about 8 per cent. The cause of the change of sentiment is partly a perception that there is not enough money to supply new demands, and that no support can be counted on from Paris, where liquidation is still in progress. The issue of the Hungarian loan by Messrs. Rothschilds is considered by shrewd observers to be a clear indication that our diplomatic relations with the Triple Alliance are much more friendly. It looks quite a good investment, though, of course, there will not be much of a market for it on the London Stock Exchange. Part of the Greek loan is also to be issued in London. Investors will probably do well to leave it to the armament firms which are now running the Greek Government. Accounts of trade indicate that the volume is still large; but, at the same time, a good many shipowners have begun to lay up some of their vessels—a clear proof that the trade of the world is no longer booming as it was a year ago. Interest will soon be centred on public expenditure and taxation. If the supplementary Estimates for the Navy exceed two millions, there is almost certain to be a deficit, which means that the reduction of the debt for the financial year ending March 31st will be much below the average of previous years. If, again, it be true that a large addition is to be anticipated in next year's expenditure, Mr. Lloyd George will have to add to taxation. Very possibly this will mean imposing a super-tax on

incomes of over £3,000 a year. That would not be liked in the City, and would have a depressing effect on gilt-edged securities.

THE RETURNS ON HOME RAILWAY ORDINARY STOCKS.

All the Home Railway dividends have now been declared, and the uncertainty surrounding the dividends themselves has therefore been removed. But the advantage which the companies have taken of the change in the form of the accounts to obliterate the continuity of record and conceal all details of movements in working expenses leaves the investor as much in the dark as ever as to the actual result of the changes in wages and in rates which have altered the railway situation since August, 1911. The only thing he can do is to look at the yields on the basis of the current dividends, as set out in the following table, and consider whether the general factors of the situation favor higher or lower distributions:—

	Prices of 1913.		Present	Div.	Yield.
	High.	Low.	Price.	%	£ s. d.
Caledonian Ord.	79½	70	75½	3½	4 12 9
Glasgow and S.W. Def. Ord.	44½	40½	45½	2½	5 15 3
Great Eastern	63½	44½	51	2½	4 18 0
Great Northern Def.	57½	49½	57½	3	5 4 0
Great Western Ord.	119½	112	120½	6½	5 3 9
London and Yorks.	91½	88½	88½	4½	5 1 9
London and N. Western	136½	125½	137½	7	5 1 9
London and S. Western Def.	39½	33½	39½	1½	4 15 6
London Brighton Def.	95½	86½	95½	4½	4 14 6
Chatham 1st Pref.	92½	81½	87½	4½	5 2 9
Metropolitan Ord.	56½	38	44½	1½	3 12 7
Midland Def.	77½	69½	77½	4½	5 10 3
North British Def.	32½	26½	29	½	2 3 0
North Eastern	123½	116½	131½	7	4 18 9
South Eastern Def.	68½	54½	56	2	3 11 6

Very few of the yields here exceed 5 per cent., and it may safely be taken that in these days the investor will not buy Home Railway Ordinary stocks unless he thinks the average future return is likely to be higher than this figure. The dividends of 1913 were earned in a year of very active trade and, to a certain extent, from higher rates. The higher rates may remain, but trade, on the average of the next few years, may not be quite up to the 1913 level. As, however, the traffic density has continually increased, there is little doubt that the future will provide more and more traffic to be carried. Expenses in 1913 were raised by the abnormally high price of coal—a usual accompaniment of good trade—and by higher wages, which must be counted a permanent factor. On the other hand, a new spirit has been abroad in railway matters in the past decade, and goods and mineral traffic is much more profitable than it was before. The problem is much more complex than it is in America; but there is certainly a prospect of further economies. Even in America, however, the passenger traffic is only a trifle more profitable than it is here, and drastic reforms are necessary if passenger trains are to be made to pay their share of the profit on the capital sunk in providing for their traffic. In goods traffic economies the Midland, strangely enough, seems to be behind the others; but it is improving, and the dividend on the deferred stock has been raised to a respectable figure. Even now the yield on the stock is extraordinarily high, and it certainly looks the best investment of the stocks in the above list. The whole position, however, is clouded, and as even the existing state of affairs is liable to be swept away by the Royal Commission now sitting, it is really rather remarkable that Home Railway stocks, generally, should stand as high as they do.

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